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SCHOLASTIC

Teacher

EDITION

Practical English

NOVEMBER 10, 1948

Teaching Aids for This Issue

What a Character! (p. 7)

Gloria's committee plans and writes a skit to use as an assembly announcement for a Book Fair. The committee "invites" Sherlock Holmes, Robinson Crusoe, Becky Thatcher, and Alice in Wonderland to a round-table discussion of "Life in 1948." See also "Fair Today and Fair Tomorrow" on page 14.

Note to Teachers

We emphasize Book Fairs instead of Book Week because many teachers have requested material on book fairs. These teachers prefer to have book fairs early in December at a time when students are making up their Christmas gift shopping lists and are considering suitable books for Christmas gifts.

GUIDE FOR A LESSON PLAN

Aims

To show students how to write simple skits useful for class, club, or assembly presentation; to interest students in reading and in book fairs.

Check-test Questions

What advance preparation did the committee make before it sat down to write the skit? What did Gloria's committee use for costumes? Why did Judy suggest that some songs should be hummed while the characters came on the stage? Why did Gloria suggest a mimeographed program?

Student Activities

1. Stage the skit in class. Student "characters" read their lines.
2. Make a list of short stories which could be used as the basis for writing a skit. ("The Ghost of the Gravel Pits," by George Sand, *P. E.*, Oct. 27, page 21, might be made into a radio skit.)
3. Divide the class into committees

of 4 or 5 members. Each committee appoints a chairman and works out a plan to write a skit. When the teacher approves of the plan, the committee writes its skit. These skits may be given to dramatize a book fair. Also, the best ones could be published in the school newspaper or "published" in a special book made by the class. Art students make illustrations (or use magazine pictures).

For Slow Groups

In slower groups, the whole class works as a group on one skit. A secretary writes ideas on the blackboard; also the dialogue of the skit as individual students suggest what characters should say. The basis for such a class project may be some novel or short story that the class has read recently.

Such a project encourages students to use their imagination, and yet does not require too much effort on the part of any one student. Everyone, however, should be encouraged to participate.

Dear Joe (p. 9)

Jerry discusses the person in school or on the job who is always griping about something.

Aim

To encourage students to be cheerful and to "put their best foot forward."

Check-test Questions

Does it do any good to be complainers like Miss Crabtree or Sophie? Explain your answer. What is one reason why Arna Jenkins was promoted to a better job? What happened to the messenger boy who was always kicking? Why did the Washington streetcar conductor get along so well with his passengers?

Student Activities

1. Suppose one of your close friends is a "sourpuss" or a griper. How could you tactfully point out to him that this attitude is a serious handicap to his success?
2. Make some posters, each carrying the caption, *Look what a smile will do!* Each poster might have two pictures—the wrong way to do something, and the right way—the smiling way. (A secretary bawls "HELLO" on the telephone or she speaks softly into the phone, "Good morning!" etc.)

3. Recount stories of people who have lost friends or opportunities for promotion because they were "sourpusses" or grippers.

Library Series (p. 10)

How to use special sections of standard dictionaries and how to use special dictionaries—synonyms, etc., are explained.

Check-test Questions

What special sections does your school's small dictionary have? The large unabridged dictionary in the school library? What is the purpose of *Roget's Thesaurus*? What are the titles of all the dictionaries, synonym books, and other word books in your library?

Student Activities

1. Make a blackboard list of all the American expressions which contain an animal's name (foxy, sheep's eyes, dog-tired, horse sense, etc.). Make a list of those containing the names of fruit (apple-polisher, cherry lips, etc.).
2. Use *Roget's Thesaurus* to make a list of the synonyms for such words as *red, walk, said*. Underline the synonyms which would make good substitutes in everyday speech.
3. Look up your Christian name in the dictionary to see what it means. You also may be able to find your family name in the regular part of a large, unabridged dictionary.

COMING NEXT THREE ISSUES

November 17, 1948

Major article: Writing book reports.
 "How to—" Series, No. 9: Quiz on library unit.
 Critical Judgment Series, No. 9: The movie cameraman.
 Letter Perfect: Answering letters of information.
 Reading Series: Skimming; quizzes.
 Dear Joe—from Julie: Respect for school property.
 Practice Makes Perfect: Grammar, spelling, punctuation, crossword puzzle.

December 1, 1948

Major article: Introductions and social conversation.
 "How to—" Series: Tell a story or anecdote.
 Critical Judgment Series, No. 10: Music for the movie.
 Letter Perfect: Letters of order.
 Reading Series: Studying; quizzes.
 Dear Joe—from Jane: Making friends.
 Practice Makes Perfect: Grammar, spelling, usage, word games.

December 8, 1948

Major article: Dining at a restaurant.
 "How to—" Series: Pronounce foreign words.
 Critical Judgment Series, No. 11: Editing the movie.
 Letter Perfect: Writing and answering letters of complaint.
 Reading Series: Critical reading; quizzes.
 Dear Joe—from Jerry: Table manners.
 Practice Makes Perfect: Grammar, spelling, punctuation, crossword puzzle.

4. Play a homonym game. Make a list of homonyms (like road, rode, rowed) and call on classmates to use them in sentences to illustrate their various meanings.

Letter Perfect (p. 13)

Aim

To show students how to write *letters of information*.

Check-test Questions

What are the six rules for writing a letter of information? When should you include a stamped, self-addressed envelope? When, a stamp?

Practice Makes Perfect (p. 19)

This section includes mid-semester tests on grammar, spelling, punctuation, and English usage.

Teachers using PEQ classroom kits might award "Word Wizard" buttons to the boy and girl scoring highest on these quizzes.

Career Club (p. 24)

Birdie Hartshorn, a *specialist secretary*, discusses the work of the stenog-

raper and of the secretary with the Career Clubbers.

Check-test Questions

What jobs do specialist secretaries hold? How did Birdie prepare for her job? What jobs has she held? What kind of work do beginning stenographers do? If you want to be a stenographer, what courses should you take in high school? What responsibilities does a secretary have in addition to her stenographic duties? What characteristics are important for a good secretary to have?

Student Activities

Make a list of names of successful young people who are graduates of your high school. (Ask your teachers and school principal.) Invite some of these successful people to tell your class or career club about the jobs which they hold.

Answers to "Test Your Reading Skill"

Fury in the Fifth Level: 1-a, 2-d, 3-c, 4-f, 5-h, 6-i, 7-b, 8-e, 9-g.

From the Ashes, a Phoenix: (1) a-a pill designed to quicken one's interest in a history lesson; b-a pill designed to counteract the effects of another pill taken previously;

c-a pill designed to help one remember something. (2) c. (3) c. (4) a-an interplanetary jet ship; b-a machine for regulating the weather; c-a stove run by atomic energy.

Answer to "Tips on Reading"

Homing pigeons mysteries of modern science. Birds shipped hundreds of miles closed basket cannot see where going. When released, circle few times, head home. No one discovered secret pigeons' "homing" instinct.

Answers to "Practice Makes Perfect" (pp. 19-22)

Watch Your Language: 1-I like English, chemistry, and Spanish. (Or I like to study English, chemistry, and Spanish.) 2-A good football player must have skill, endurance, and a knowledge of the game. 3-Jim's pants are shorter than Jack's. 4-His nose looked like an eagle's. 5-The parrot's wing is healed now. You may take the bird (or parrot) home. 6-The girls had fun at the fish-fry, but they ate too many fish. 7-To get to Coney Island, I (we, you, he, she, they) took a three-mile hike. 8-Before retiring, take three of these tablets in a cup of water. 9-The teacher patted him on his head as he walked out. 10-Opening my lunch box, I found a termite. 11-After a hearty meal, we were entertained by our radio for an hour. 12-Horse with exceptionally long tail for sale by man. 13-I tickled my dog as (while, after) he rolled over on his back. 14-He decided he would be a doctor when he grew up. 15-The clock struck twelve while he was kissing his girl.

Are You Spellbound?: 1-calendar, recognized; 2-surprise, candidate, grammar; 3-collar; 4-asparagus, cranberry; 5-attacked, brutal, umbrella; 6-excellent, axle, dollar; 7-obedient, self-reliant; 8-necessary, cemetery, author, 9-confidence, celery; 10-sentence; 11-moral, struggle; 12-humble, disaster; 13-congratulation, naval; 14-fatal, vessel, stationary; 15-reference, dependence; 16-whistle; 17-trembled, barrel; 18-chimney; 19-novel, mental, dictionary; 20-governor, senator, athletic.

Sign Language: 1-W, winter (comma); 2-W, 1892 (comma); 3-W, ships (question mark); 4-W, go (comma); 5-W, you (comma); 6-W, painting (comma); 7-W, help (comma); 8-W, Ouch (exclamation mark); 9-W, swim (question mark); 10-W, end (comma); 11-W, oil (comma); 12-W, 18 (comma); 13-W, day (exclamation mark); 14-W, general (comma); 15-C; 16-W, dance (period); 17-W, shave (comma); 18-W, contrary (comma); 19-W, summer (comma); 20-W, 156,000 (comma).

What's the Usage: 1-ineligible (instead of illegible); 2-too (instead of to); 3-it's (instead of its); 4-whose (instead of who's); 5-you're (instead of your); 6-besides (instead of beside); 7-their (instead of there); 8-somewhere (instead of somewhere); 9-pour (instead of spill); 10-from (instead of off of).

Correctly Speaking: A, B, A, A, A.

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Practical English

NOVEMBER 10, 1948 • VOL. 5, NO. 8 • A SCHOLASTIC MAGAZINE



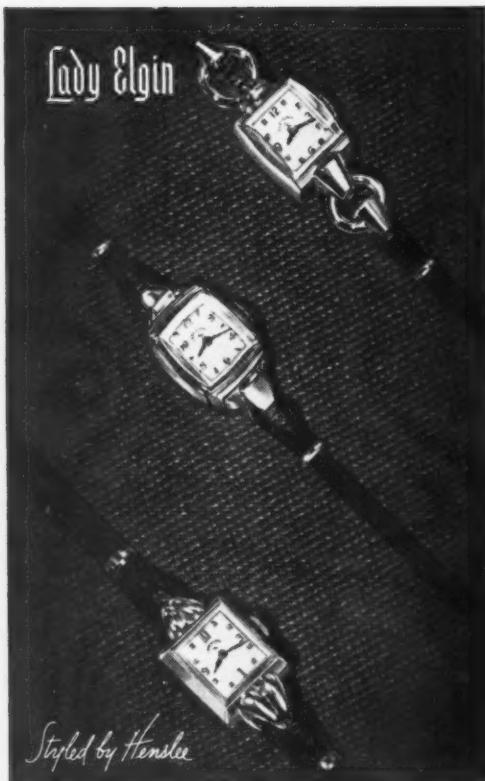
COVER STORY, p. 5

WRITING SKITS, p. 7

"What's beneath their beauty
is more exciting still..."

said **ANN DELAFIELD**

when told the story of the
new **DuraPower Mainspring**
in **ELGIN** Watches



Superbly styled, the new Elgin Watches are exciting to see! Beautiful beyond compare. But there's an inside story that impressed Miss Delafield as "more exciting still".

For the first time in any watch—a mainspring that holds its original watch-tunning power for constant accuracy. A mainspring that will never rust—and rust is the greatest cause of breakage. This miracle DuraPower Mainspring of Elgin's eliminates 99% of watch repairs due to steel mainspring failures. And you get at no extra cost in every Elgin Watch this latest achievement of America's creative and productive genius.

Make sure of your loved one's continued happiness from your gift. Look for the DuraPower symbol "dp" on the dial and choose from the Elgins your jeweler is displaying. They're the smartest watches to wear and the smartest to buy . . . for Elgin Watch beauty is more than "skin-deep."



Lord and Lady Elgins are priced from \$67.50 to \$5000.00. Elgin De Luxe from \$47.50 to \$67.50. Other Elgins as low as \$29.75. All these prices include the Federal Excise Tax.

*Made of "Elgiloy" metal. Patent pending.

ELGIN *watches*
TIMED TO THE STARS!

The genius of America ★★ to wear on your wrist

HEAR ELGIN'S "2 HOURS OF STARS" THANKSGIVING DAY • NBC NETWORK



Say What You Please!

... and that's what we mean! This letters column, a regular feature in all editions of *Scholastic Magazines*, is open to opinion on any subject and criticism of any kind, brickbats or orchids. We want to know what's on your mind. Other readers do, too. Address Letters Editor, *Scholastic Magazines*, 7 East 12th St., New York 3, N. Y. — *The Editors*.

Dear Editor:

In the radio play, "The Day That Baseball Died" (Sept. 22), the following sentence appears: "With the count two and three on the league's leading batter and three men on base" . . . etc.

The phrase, "two and three" always means two balls and three strikes, which would mean that the batter was out. The sentence should have read, "with the count three and two" . . . etc.

Ronald Frevola

Fort Hamilton H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The "Kid from Brooklyn" is right! One strike on our editor. We're thinking of farming her out to the Dodgers for the spring training session—unless Ronald would like to take her in hand for a few lessons. —Letters Editor

Dear Editor:

I have been following your "Learn to Think Straight" column for two years and find it very stimulating.

But while reading campaign speeches this fall, I've begun to wonder what's the use of learning to think straight. Every one of the major candidates in our November elections has been guilty of some of the vices you've pointed out to me in your column—name-calling, making vague high-sounding statements that don't mean anything, jumping to conclusions without giving facts, omitting facts to prove a point.

It seems that there's not a straight-thinking (or, at least, straight-talking) candidate whom I could vote for—if I were old enough to vote. So why should I learn to detect illogical arguments?

John Hart
San Francisco, Calif.

Hats off to you, John!—for detecting that the speakers you've heard haven't been up to par. We're not trying to teach those speakers to think straight—we're trying to teach *you* to think straight. And it sounds as if you were!

Around election time, too many of our candidates hang their dignity on

(Continued on next page)

How to take pictures of people indoors!

by Ken Johnson



I'VE JUST FINISHED looking over some indoor pictures my son took last month with his flash camera.

Good, clear pictures—but in many cases, you couldn't see the subject's hair or shoulders, because they blended right into the coal-black background.

Maybe you've noticed the same thing in your indoor pictures.

Too bad, when it's so easy to avoid this. Just remember to place a light behind your subject and then take the picture as you usually would.

The extra light will illuminate the background—and help separate your subject from it. You'll get good pictures that way.

And I'll guarantee that you get good pictures!

That's right, I'll absolutely guarantee it! Just load up your camera (the way the press photographers do) with Ansco Superpan Press Film.

Then if you're not satisfied with the pictures you get, mail the coupon your dealer will give you (along with the negatives and original film carton) to me, Ken Johnson, c/o Ansco, Binghamton, N. Y.

I'll send you a new roll of film, free—and also show you how you can improve your picture-taking.

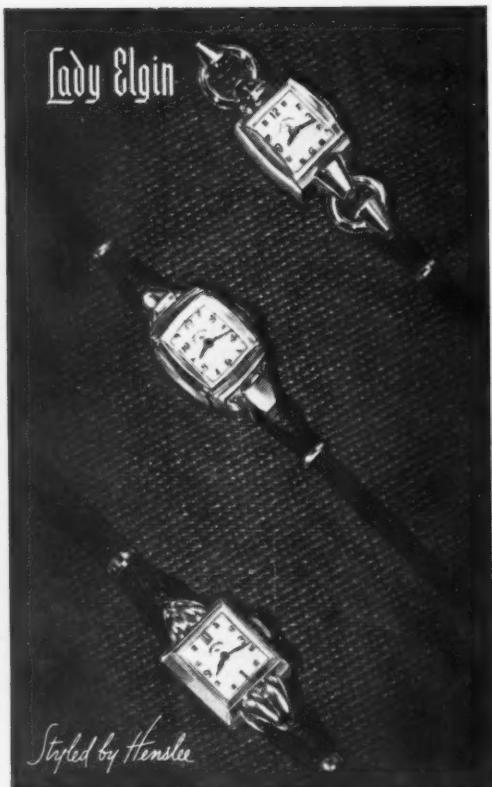
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THE AMERICAN CRAYON COMPANY
Sandusky, Ohio
NEW YORK CHICAGO SAN FRANCISCO

Say What You Please!

(Continued from page 3)

a hook, pocket their logic, and go fishing—for votes. The more voters, or voters-to-be like you, who grow restless at speeches that don't ring true, the quicker candidates will put away unacceptable practices.

So anyone who's having a hard time finding straight-talking candidates and, therefore, makes his choice on a sounder basis than speeches, is as welcome as a hot dog in the third quarter of a football game. The more citizens we have like you, John, the stronger our democracy will be.

—“Learn to Think Straight” Editor.

Dear Editor:

We read your magazine in English class, and “Practice Makes Perfect” certainly helps with our regular work

I always read “Following the Films” and usually go to see the movies you think are good. As for “Sharps and Flats” I would never think of buying a record without your opinion on it. However, I do think you might include more popular tunes in your reviews.

All in all, I think your magazine should be sold on newsstands and by private subscription besides in school.

Sylvia Faron
Bowen H. S., Chicago, Ill.

Our editors always welcome individual subscriptions to any of their publications. The subscription rates on individual orders are slightly higher than for classroom orders. (*Practical English*, *Senior Scholastic*, and *World Week*—\$2; *Junior Scholastic*—\$1.50; *Literary Cavalcade*—\$1.) We think a subscription to *Literary Cavalcade*, a brand new monthly publication, would make a fine Christmas present for any friend—from 14 to 40—who enjoys reading in his leisure time. —Ed.

They want pen pals: Every week we receive letters from our readers, both in the U. S. and abroad, who want pen-pals. Although we haven't the space for a regular pen-pal column at present, we are glad to be able occasionally to introduce readers to friends across the ocean in “Say What You Please!”

A recent letter tells us that a group of Estonian DP students, now studying at various universities in the U. S. Zone of Germany, are eager to learn more about the American way of life. Many of them intend to come to the U. S. under the DP Immigration Law as soon as possible. If you would like to correspond with one of them write: Mr. Olaf W. Millert, Chairman of the Estonian Students Assoc., 3 Heuwaagstrasse, Erlangen 13a, U. S. Zone of Germany.

Practical English

(Combined with PREP)

A National Magazine of English and the Communication Arts Designed for High School Students in General, Business or Vocational Courses, Published Weekly During the School Year

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CONTENTS THIS ISSUE

(Including Selections from Senior Scholastic)

Say What You Please!	3
“How Big Is the World?”	5
What a Character!	7
Dear Jpe—from Jerry	9
That's the Last Word	10
Making Movies Talk!	11
Learn to Think Straight	12
Letter Perfect	13
Fair Today and Fair Tomorrow	14
You Wrote It	16
Test Your Reading Skill	18
Practice Makes Perfect	19
Speed Demons (Career Club)	24
Fury in the Fifth Level,	
by Floyd E. Wermuth	25
Following the Films	30
Sharps and Flats	33
Boy dates Girl	34
Short Shots (Sports)	36
Laughs	39

ON THE SIDE

OUR FRONT COVER. Shades of John Alden—or any other book character of bygone days who might wander into a television studio in the year 1948.

Almost as amazing as the studio itself—to a book character—would be finding a group of 1948 teen-agers before a television camera and mike discussing books, perhaps with the author of a certain book present. Yet that's exactly what happens every Friday (8:00-8:30 p.m., EST) on the Teen Age Book Club show over WJZ-TV.

Stanley Gross, 16 (our cover boy, dressed as John Alden), Stuyvesant H. S., N. Y. C., and Mary Ann Sherman, 15 (at right), St. Saviour H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y., are typical of the 18 teen-agers, chosen from New York City schools each week, to discuss either a popular current book or an "old favorite" on this television show.

Eight of the students tell why they liked the book; eight tell why they didn't; and two are "on the fence"—not sure whether to read the book or not. A student committee chooses the book to be discussed and a student acts as chairman of the discussion.

Usually the author of the book under discussion—or some authority on the book—is guest speaker. John Campbell, Jr., editor of *Astounding Science Fiction* (see interview on this page), was the guest during a recent discussion of Jules Verne's *From the Earth to the Moon*.

Miss Margaret C. Scoggin is adult moderator for the program. Librarian of the Nathan Straus Library, special Young People's Branch of the New York Public Library, Miss Scoggin is well-known for compiling and editing such popular volumes as *Chucklebait* (humorous stories) and *The Lure of Danger* (true adventure stories).

Miss Lillian Okun is producer of the Teen Age Book Club show.

ON THE BOOKS. Does your school have an organized book club with an adviser? If so, would your club be interested in having either a radio or a television show over your local station? Perhaps you'd like to read and talk about some of the same books that the Teen Age Book Club teen-agers do. Ask your club secretary to write to Miss Lillian Okun, Station WMCA, 1637 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y. She will send you a list of books and guests scheduled for the show, as well as a recording of the program to help you plan book discussions and get your project moving.

—Harold Stein Photo, WJZ-TV.

"How Big Is the World?"

— asks John W. Campbell, Jr.
editor of *Astounding Science Fiction*

"IT'S bigger than this sextillion-ton rock—the earth—we're sitting on! And the world's always changing. Before the war, most people thought rockets and atomic bombs were fantastic ideas. Science fiction tells what life may be like 10, 20, 100, or even 500 years from now." It was the science fiction of Jules Verne and H. G. Wells that convinced John W. Campbell, Jr., while he was still in high school, that he wanted to be a scientist. He entered Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was graduated as a nuclear physicist, and then became science editor of Street and Smith publications. In 1937 he also became editor of the S. and S. monthly magazine, *Astounding Science Fiction*.



"Science fiction also convinced me, while I was still in Blair Academy (prep school in Blairstown, N. J.), that the big things in my lifetime would be atomic energy and space travel. That was 20 years ago—and those stories were right," John Campbell smiled.

"Some science fiction is strictly humorous," he added. "For example, a recent story was about Old Doc Methuselah who discovered that people were being taxed for the air they breathed! It turned out that a gang was spraying the air with a powder that caused asthma. Anyone who paid the 'air tax' was given a cure for asthma so he could breathe. Of course, Doc Methuselah broke up this improbable racket."

"But other science fiction is serious. You may have heard about the story which scientist Robert Heinlein wrote in 1941, before the U. S. entered the war. Heinlein knew that scientists had found an atom, called U 235, which might be split. He knew that if energy from splitting an atom were harnessed, it would have great possibilities; and he knew that a war was going on in Europe. The rest of his story was imagination. He foresaw the making and use of an atomic weapon and the formation of an organization like the United Nations."

"Who writes science fiction?" we asked.

"Scientists usually write it," answered Mr. Campbell. "Their plots are developed by this kind of thinking: Suppose that the potentialities of rockets, or anything else, are developed; then, years from now, people might be living like this."

"Many readers of science fiction are also scientists. Since science fiction authors explain (as far as they are able) how problems of the future can be solved, other scientists often pick useful ideas from science fiction. Some of the battles of World War II were won largely because of ideas that can be traced to science fiction."

"Science fiction opened my mind and made me begin to think about the world," said John Campbell. "I believe it does the same for other readers."



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WHAT A CHARACTER!

"LET'S DO something dramatic," Gloria Grieco suggested. Gloria had assembled her program committee to discuss an assembly announcement for the forthcoming Book Fair.

"Such as what?" Chuck House grinned. "Dress up like Robinson Crusoe or Captain Nemo?"

"Well, that's not such a bad idea," Gloria said encouragingly. "Sam Amon has suggested that we write a skit. Each one of us will choose his favorite character from a book, and we'll put him or her into the skit."

"What will these characters talk about?" Judy O'Reilly demanded.

Gloria looked thoughtful. "Couldn't they discuss how strange life in 1948 seems compared with when these characters 'lived'? Some of our hit tunes would sound pretty strange to the girls in *Little Women*. Imagine Rip Van Winkle trying to compete with modern story-tellers on the radio!"

"But who'll write the skit?" Chuck asked.

"Where'll we get costumes?" Judy wondered.

Sam looked around the group. "I guess this is where I come in. We wrote and put on several skits in history class last year. They're really easy to do. We had a whale of a goo' time. We—four of

us here—can do the whole thing ourselves if we keep the skit simple."

Here are the guides to skit writing which Sam suggested:

1. *Decide which character you'd like to play in the skit.* ("I'd like to be Sherlock Holmes!") Have characters comment on life in 1948. Use a table and four chairs or have characters stand at the front of the stage.

2. *Become familiar with the character you're portraying.* That means re-reading at least part of the book that your character's in. It's important to know that Robinson Crusoe carried a fur umbrella, wore fur pants and jacket. Find out about how old your character was, what his favorite expressions were, etc. It would be silly to have Sherlock Holmes talk like Major Hoople from *comics*.

("Last year we gave a skit about the Christians in the time of Nero. Marelle Streeter played Nero's role because she's musical and promised to take a couple of violin lessons so she could play 'suitable music.' We never checked her. Do you know what she played as the Christians begged Nero to be spared from the lion's den? An old-fashioned barn dance!")

3. *Write the skit.* When you've taken notes on what your character is like, all

participants sit down at a table together, each pretending to be the character he's chosen. Then just start talking in the way the characters would.

At this point, Sam gave the group an example:

SHERLOCK HOLMES (to Robinson Crusoe): I perceive that you are used to a solitary life full of physical activity. Also you seem to be looking around apprehensively. You show fear in your eyes, as if you expected cannibals momentarily.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND: That's curious, very curious. How did you ever make such deductions, Mr. Holmes?

"Do you get the idea?" Sam asked the group. "Of course, to do a good job, I'd have to look up these characters. After we talk and get the general plan of what we are going to say, then Gloria can use her shorthand and take down the conversation. We'd talk about life in 1948. We'll type up the script, go over it to improve it. Then we'll be ready for the next step."

4. *Assemble the costumes.* It isn't important that Robinson Crusoe look exactly like the description in the book or that each person memorize his lines in the script. It's okay to have the script in front of you during the performance. On the other hand, don't keep your eyes

glued to the script; don't sound as if you're reading the lines for the first time.

"Thank you, Sam," Gloria said, when Sam had finished. "Is there any comment?"

"It does sound fairly easy and as if it would be fun," Judy decided. "Why couldn't we work in some music? Why not have a student host to introduce each character to the audience? When Robinson Crusoe is about to be introduced, we could have a chorus hum that song *Hokey, pokey, winkey wonk, the King of the Cannibal Islands*. That would help set the mood and get the audience ready to listen to Robinson."

"We could put the modern student host right into the script," Chick said enthusiastically. "He could act as chairman for the discussion. You know—sort of keep things going and ask questions."

"Okay," Gloria nodded in approval. "Who shall it be?"

"I nominate Hal Spival for the job of chairman," Judy said. "He's experienced at being master of ceremonies. Also, we should get some of the Commercial Department students to mimeograph a one-page program for us. In that way we could tell the audience some facts about the characters—facts that we can't work into the script."

"That's good," Sam commented. "We could list the characters on the program and give a few important facts about each: The name of the book (and its author) that the character is from. Also, we could say, for example, that Becky Thatcher is in her early teens, that she's Tom Sawyer's best girl friend, and that she went to school in the days when they didn't spare the rod!"

"*Tempus fugit*, or whatever the Latin is for the time's up," Gloria smiled. "Meet here on Thursday, same time. Choose your character and know all about him. Okay? And Chuck don't come prepared to be Lassie and just bark!"

Here's the script that Gloria's committee wrote to present as a Book Fair announcement at an assembly program.

CHAIRMAN: Today we have with us some distinguished visitors who will be present at the Book Fair to be held in the library Friday. They will give us their impressions of "Life in 1948." Here's Mr. Sherlock Holmes, super-sleuth and world-famed criminologist.

CHORUS: (as Mr. Holmes bows formally): Hums *Limehouse Blues*.

CHAIRMAN: Here is Mr. Robinson Crusoe, the Admiral Byrd of his day.

CHORUS: Hums *The King of the Cannibal Islands* or *Song of the Islands*.

CHAIRMAN: Miss Becky Thatcher, Tom Sawyer's O.A.O.

CHORUS: Hums *School Days*.

CHAIRMAN: And last, but not least,

that little Miss from Wonderland, none other than Alice, herself.

CHORUS: Hums *Over the Rainbow*.

CHAIRMAN: Mr. Holmes, you're an expert on scientific observation. Will you start the ball rolling?

SHERLOCK: Very gratifying to me is the way everyone's become a sort of amateur sleuth nowadays. The cinema (what an invention!), the radio, the book stores, and the news stands are filled with problem cases for these "detectives" to solve. But the modern detective story doesn't lead to straight thinking, to logical deduction; it doesn't require an analysis of facts.

CHAIRMAN: I find the best way to solve many detective stories is just to guess. The most innocent-appearing person is *sure* to be named as the murderer.

SHERLOCK: Exactly so. The authors manipulate their characters like a puppeteer does his dolls. Now in the case of the Speckled Band . . .

CHAIRMAN: You're quite right, Mr. Holmes. Dr. Watson's accounts of your famous work are still favorite reading today. Were you going to say something, Alice?

ALICE: In many ways I feel at home here. Your politicians talk "in circles" without making many definite statements, just as many of my friends used to do in Wonderland. So many people talk nonsense, but curiously everyone seems to *believe* the nonsense. And your radio serials (like *Ron's Other Life*) are simply fantastic. I'm broad-minded and can understand how a cat or a mouse can talk, but I don't see why you take some of your "soap operas" seriously.

BECKY: It's your songs which amaze me. What do some of them mean? *The Click Song*, for instance. (*Click, click, Your heart will tick; you have your pick of any kind of number from the samba to a rumba.*) Who's the Maharajah of Matador, the one with the rubies and pearls?

CHAIRMAN: We'll take you to a school dance tonight and you'll get into the swing of things. You'll really like our "jive."

BECKY: Oh, don't misunderstand. Your school's wonderful. But where do your teachers keep their birches? I haven't seen a master "birch" a student since I've been here. Don't the young ladies recite any more as we used to do? I gave a recitation on *Melancholy* once. All the ladies wiped their eyes. The boys always recited Patrick Henry's "Give me liberty or give me death" or that one beginning, "A boy stood on the burning deck."

ROBINSON CRUSOE: May I say a word? I'm a former teacher, you know. I taught Friday the ways of civilization. Your shop classes are admirable. They'd

have been most useful preparation to me for my life on the island; I had to make everything myself. But everyone leads such a frantic life—always rushing here and there. People, people. Does anyone ever take time to think?

CHAIRMAN (laughing): Did you really have time to think, Mr. Crusoe? I thought you were busy tracking cannibals on the beach.

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Why, I had plenty of time for thinking. I learned how to enjoy my own company during the long hours when I was making my fur clothes or boiling kid stew. I tried to buy some kid stew at the soda bar today, and that fresh clerk said, "You'd better settle for a double chocolate frosted, Grandpaw!" Imagine! I'm scarcely 40. It must be my long beard.

ALICE: Speaking of food, reminds me of the strangest sign I saw on the bus. It said: *Try You Eatem candy today*. That frightened me. I've tried various food and drinks in my day and each time I'd either become nine feet tall or I'd suddenly shrink to a few inches.

BECKY: I also read a strange sign. It said, *Don't make a move without Lincoln*. Everyone knows Lincoln is dead. Tom Sawyer and I knew that years ago.

CHAIRMAN (laughing): Lincoln's the name of a moving van company here in town. That's just an advertisement.

ALICE: Young people today are amazingly good in arithmetic. I've always had trouble in that line. I usually think that four times six equals 13. But no one today pays much attention to good manners. Why, if I'd have behaved like some people do, the Queen would have shrieked, "Off with her head!"

ROBINSON CRUSOE: Just last night, I glanced through one of your comics—*The Ratsandhammer Kids*. Their so-called "adventures" aren't really funny and they don't compare in excitement to the experiences I had with the cannibals. By the way, you must all come to see my booth at the Book Fair. I'll guarantee you a lively evening if you read some of the stories about Friday and his gang.

SHERLOCK: I also invite you to my booth. I have numerous books containing my most celebrated cases. By the way, Becky, I read in the London papers about the case of Injun Joe, the murder mystery that Tom Sawyer solved. I had it all worked out the first night. Joe definitely was guilty.

BECKY: The case certainly baffled the police of our town for a while.

CHAIRMAN: Thank you, ladies and gentlemen. We'll have to hurry to the car waiting outside. We've a date at the airport to take a ride over the city!

Dear Joe,



YOU'RE a lucky boy — to be born with a sense of humor! Your account of office "characters" was hilarious. Helen Olson and I are still giggling about your Miss Crabtree, the one with the perpetual look of a person who has just had a quinine tablet dissolve in her mouth!

Cases of "sourpusses" like Miss Crabtree are sad indeed. I suppose every school or business has them. Did I ever tell you about Sophie Dameron, one of our typists? Nothing ever goes right for Sophie — at least that's what *she* thinks.

The paper positively refuses to roll straight into Sophie's typewriter. The typewriter insists on making mistakes and the copy to be typed is always "dull as dust." Sophie calls Mrs. Snapp, our office

manager (who's really not like her name at all), "that impossible woman." I suppose Sophie's referring to the fact that Mrs. Snapp sees that everyone has a full day's work to do.

The weather is never right for Sophie — it's either too hot, too wet, or too cold. During the entire lunch hour, she complains about the number of letters she has to type or the number of envelopes to stuff. Something's always wrong.

One day Helen told Sophie about Arna Jarvis who used to be a typist here. (She's a topflight secretary now.) For two months Arna's job — eight hours a day — was to type addresses on envelopes. "I play a game with myself," Arna commented. "I watch for the names of interesting people, like 'Cy' Clohn, of curious towns like Painted Post, N. Y., or I concentrate on making my typing on the envelopes as attractive as possible. The time just seems to fly."

With that attitude, Arna soon had an opportunity to do more-interesting work. But what chance does a "gloomy Gus" like Sophie have to attract favorable attention for promotion? If someone approaches her desk, she barks, "What d'ya want?" as if you were going to ask her to type out a copy of *Gone With the Wind* in triplicate.

We had a messenger boy once who was always kicking about the work he was assigned. His boss got pretty tired of it. One day the messenger said, "Do you mean that I have to go way over to Cadillac Boulevard in this rain?" "No," his boss replied, "you just have to go down to the second floor to pick up your check at the pay window. We don't need you any more."

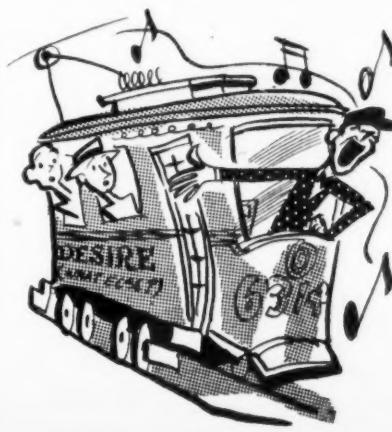
I'll always remember a streetcar conductor in Washington, D. C. Instead of becoming angry and shouting at the passengers to go to

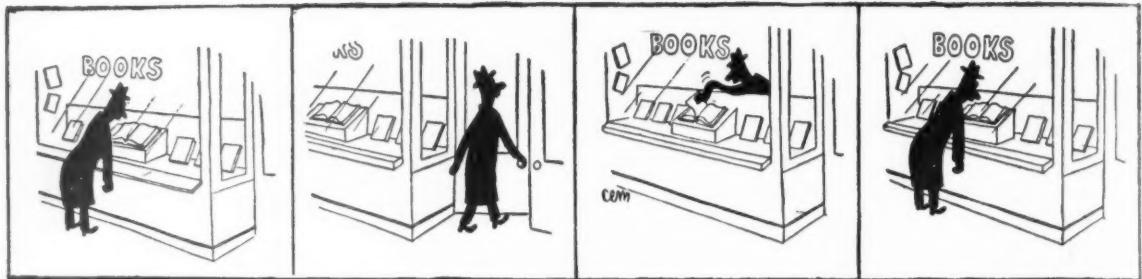
the rear of the car when it was crowded, he recited a little poem in a droll singsong voice. "Please move to the rear of the car. It's really not very far. You'll be more comfortable than where you are!" Everyone laughed and moved to the rear.

You're exactly right. A smile or a kind word *does* pay big dividends in both the business world and in social life. The "gripe artists" are the most lonely and unhappy people.

Sincerely yours,

Jerry





See in Saturday Evening Post

That's The Last Word

WHAT'S that you said? You and Mr. Webster are through? His dictionary has let you down and you're calling it quits? It can't be that serious—perhaps we can patch things up.

What's your problem? You want a definition of *Polaroid*? You wonder what the abbreviation *LL. D.* stands for? You'd like a translation of *s'il vous plait*? And you can't find the answers in the dictionary! Well, let's face it—that fault is yours, not Mr. Webster's; you don't know him well enough.

True, you won't find *Polaroid* or *s'il vous plait* or *LL. D.* in the main section of *Webster's Collegiate*. There's a good reason for this. *Polaroid*, since it is a fairly new addition to our language, is listed in a special section in the front of the book labelled "New Words." *S'il vous plait* is a French phrase, and you'll find it translated in a special appendix in the back of the book, devoted to "Foreign Words and Phrases." (The only foreign words listed in the main part of the dictionary are those which are used so commonly that they're now considered part and parcel of our language.) *LL. D.*, for obvious reasons, is entered in the "Abbreviations" appendix.

A glance at the Contents page will show you that there are other special sections. There's a "Vocabulary of Rhymes," a list of proofreader's marks, and many others which you won't want to pass up.

Remember, though, that these particular features belong only to *Webster's Collegiate*; for every dictionary is arranged differently. You'll find, for instance, that both *The American College Dictionary* and the Funk and Wagnalls *College Standard Dictionary* include most of these "specialties"—abbreviations, new words, etc.—in their regular alphabetical spots in the dictionary proper. (Neither of these dictionaries, incidentally, includes the word-origins which you'll find in *Webster's*.)

All of these volumes are in the

abridged class. You'll find even greater differences when you look into other types of dictionaries. For example, the *Thorndike Century Senior Dictionary* is a school dictionary which is smaller than the others. It covers fewer words, it omits word-origins, and it has few special features. However, its type is larger than that in other dictionaries. Also, its definitions are simpler.

How about spending an afternoon browsing through the dictionary shelf in your library? Browsing is the surest method of learning what each volume has to offer.

Another Word for It

While you're investigating that shelf, you're likely to run across a book entitled *Roget's Thesaurus*. Don't pass this up as an unknown animal—you'll be biting a hand that could feed you well.

The *Thesaurus* is exactly what its name literally means: "a treasury or storehouse" of words. You'll consider it a treasure whenever a word is "stuck" on the tip of your tongue, for this valuable book of synonyms will always give you the exact word you're looking for.

If you use the original edition of the *Thesaurus*, you may go through a small struggle before you locate your word. Mr. Roget organized his book by classifying words, in a complex manner, under such headings as "Time," "Space," "Intellect," etc. Since it's impossible to guess the classification of each word, you must first turn to the alphabetical index which occupies the second half of the book. Perhaps you want a synonym for *absorb*. Locating this word in the index, you'll find listed under it: *combine* 48, *take in* 296, and *consume* 677. These are the three general meanings of *absorb*. Each of the numbers is a *paragraph* reference.

To find a synonym for *combine*, you'll refer to *paragraph* 48 in the first half of the book. Notice that the page numbers are carried at the bottom of each page, enclosed in brackets. At the top of each page, in the same position as

guide words in a dictionary, you'll find the numbers of the paragraphs included on that page.

But don't throw up your hands in despair at this system. There's an easier way to dig the treasure out of the *Thesaurus*. This book is also published in a simplified form. Set up as a dictionary, it lists all the words alphabetically, followed directly by their synonyms. Though fewer synonyms are listed in this edition, it is much simpler to use. You may wish to introduce yourself to this simplified *Thesaurus* before you tackle the larger edition.

Another standard synonym book which you'll want to know of is *Crabb's English Synonyms*. This, too, is alphabetically arranged. Its special feature is that it explains the difference between each of the synonyms listed.

Antonyms haven't been neglected either. *Webster's Dictionary of Synonyms*, which also defines the synonyms it lists, goes one step further and gives you antonyms as well. Another similar book is *Allen's Synonyms and Antonyms*; this one, however, omits the definitions.

Your library may have other synonym-and-antonym books in addition to, or instead of, the ones discussed here. Become acquainted with them; learn their set-ups. Train yourself to use them when you're writing themes, reports, speeches, and "just plain letters for fun." Most of them are published in such inexpensive editions that you could probably afford to add one or two of them to your own home library.

You may even become so fascinated by words, and their uses and stories that you'll want to learn more about them on your own. Try dipping into *The American Language*, by H. L. Mencken. This isn't easy reading—it's probably not a book with which you'd curl up during a long winter evening; but you'll find it exciting reading if you're interested in the remarkable story of how our American language has developed.

MAKING MOVIES TALK!

By William Dow Boutwell,
Editor, *Scholastic Teacher*

"**M**Y GUESS is that I have attended about 1,400 sneak previews," said Douglas Shearer in answer to my question. Douglas Shearer is chief of the sound department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and dean of Hollywood's sound directors. On his office bookshelves I saw the evidence of his achievement in this field; not merely one gold "Oscar" but a shelf of "Oscars," plus bronze plaques for his inventions.

When Douglas Shearer goes to a sneak preview in some Los Angeles area movie theatre, he takes with him a small, electrical sound control gadget. Wires from this instrument connect with the theatre control booth. By turning a dial, Mr. Shearer raises or lowers the level of sound accompanying the trial film. As he regulates the volume of sound, he watches the reaction of the audience. Mr. Shearer knows the magic at his fingertips.

"I once experimented with an ordinary newsreel of a horse race," he told me. "I started the race with very low sound and built it up steadily. As the horses came into the final stretch, I opened up the loudspeakers to nearly full volume. Know what happened? The audience applauded."

How Will It Sound?

When Douglas Shearer attends a sneak preview, he sits in on the final contribution his sound department makes to a new M-G-M feature picture. Observing the audience action—the applause, the amount of wriggling and squirming, peanut eating, and nose-blowing—Mr. Shearer and his helpers set the final balance of sound levels for the picture. While he measures out whispers and thunderclaps, Mr. Shearer asks himself: "Will the whisper be heard in the Baltimore theatre where the street cars seem to run through the lobby? Will it be heard over the crackle of popcorn bags? Will the thunderclap drive people out of the small, quiet theaters?"

If the audience just sits on its hands, Mr. Shearer and the director may order remakes of critical scenes. I happened to call at M-G-M on a remake day. One of the dueling scenes in *The Three Musketeers* had failed to make the grade. On the previous day Gene Kelly and his fellow swordsmen had re-fought a battle across a monument-strewn graveyard with Kelly's adversary falling ignominiously "ker-splash" into a pond.

I watched the "rushes" of this remake. Here I saw how Hollywood edits sound. That film editors snip and join parts of the original negative is well known; that they snip and weave sound quite as readily is not so well known.

First, I saw the film only with the sound of feet. Swords clashed noiselessly. There were no voices. Then someone picked up a phone and said, "Hey, Joe, put in the swords." On came the film again, this time with foot noises and sword clashing. Later, I heard voices added; and still later, music.

Mr. Shearer explained why sword battles always create special problems for the sound department: "If the cameraman shot sword play at its normal speed, the audience would never see what happened. It is that fast. So the cameraman shoots duels in semi-slow motion. Therefore, the sound track is out of 'sync' (Hollywoodese for synchronization) with the film. We must 'dub' in the sword clash sounds to fit the action."

From the viewing room, Mr. Shearer took me downstairs to see where "Joe"

and his fellow sound engineers work. We came into a room the size of a large classroom, but it looked more like a modern, automatic telephone exchange center. Row on row of lockers housed electrical equipment. Each locker held two motion picture reels.

"We can put foot noises on one reel," explained Mr. Shearer, "sword clashes on another, voice on another, music on another, and mix them all when we look at 'rushes.' We can mix seven sound channels at one time."

In another room I saw batteries of small lathe-like machines—the film recorders. These are the machines that convert sound into that scratch of light patches on the side of a sound film. In your local theatre projection room, light-sensitive cells reconvert that scratch of light into voices and music that come to you from loudspeakers behind the motion picture screen.

The Echo Box

"How do you make sound in a movie resound (like sound in a church) when the shooting takes place in a vast sound stage with no hard walls?" I asked.

"Easy," he replied. "See that box?"

Close to the ceiling in a corner I saw a wooden box about five feet high, three feet wide, and a foot thick.

"That's our echo box. In that box we can make echoes up to 30-second intervals. We simply route our sound

(Continued on page 12)



Imagine acting before all of this apparatus! Ace sound director Douglas Shearer (center) faces sound "boom" (left center) and assorted cameras.

Learn To Think... STRAIGHT

"I DIDN'T mean to hurt Bud by pulling his chair out from under him," Peachy wailed and then added lamely, "I just didn't think."

"Why not?" asked her older brother Jim.

"Why, I—I don't know. I can't explain anything I can't help."

"That's a poor excuse," Jim commented, "because you can help it. You can think, can't you?"

"Of course," Peachy retorted, "but you talk as if thoughtlessness is as bad as doing something like that on purpose."

"No, it's not as bad," Jim said, "but you can cause yourself and others a peck of trouble if you don't think things through. Use your head! Sometimes I think you're as dumb as the woman who wanted to make nail soup."

"Who? What about her?" asked Peachy.

"She heard that a man could make soup by stirring a magic nail in a pot of boiling water. The woman invited the man to visit her and promised to give him her house and all her belongings

if he could prove that his nail would make soup—and if he then gave her the nail."

"Did he?" asked Peachy.

Jim grinned. "The man took a regular steel nail out of his pocket and dropped it into the boiling water; then began stirring the water and sniffing the fumes.

"Then he said, 'Unfortunately, this soup will not be as good as it could be. I usually add a few potatoes.'

"So the old woman thought a moment and, in order to make the soup as good as possible, she gave some potatoes to the man. He put them in the pot and stirred a bit longer before remarking, 'How delicious the soup smells! But not quite as good as it could be. I usually add a bit of meat.'

"Then the woman said, 'It just happens that I have some meat.' And she gave some to the man. A little later she brought out vegetables and onions. Shortly after, the man and woman sat down to a fine soup. The woman kept her bargain, gave away all her belongings, and set out into the world to win her fortune with the nail."

Making Movies Talk!

(Continued from page 11)

through that box to make any kind of room acoustics that we want. With that box we can make corridors or cathedrals."

Mr. Shearer also showed me the M-G-M sound library. Over the years engineers have collected thousands of sounds: trains in the mountains; trains on the plains; trains at stations, stopping, starting, going slow, going fast. They have captured the sounds of crickets and nightingales, rain, lightning, tanks, and hundreds of automobiles. From this library the sound men draw as needed, suiting the sound to the action. If the library doesn't have what they want, they go out in search of additional sound.

All of this slick equipment provides M-G-M's central sound system. All of the sound picked up by microphones on any of the twenty M-G-M production stages is recorded here at this center.

Later I saw an M-G-M sound crew at work on the new Jeanette MacDonald picture, *Sun in the Morning*. Usually three men comprise a sound crew, a mixer and two stage helpers—but with this film there were five on duty. On this set, as on every production set, you can't escape seeing the sound-recording equipment. The long steel

boom reaches out over the heads of actors like the antenna of some King Kong insect. From the tip hangs the shielded microphone.

Often the microphone doesn't hang immovable. It turns its "ear," first to one actor and then to the other. Suddenly you think that this is no metal model of an insect; it's alive.

Back in the dim recesses of the vast sound stage you stumble on another member of the sound crew. He sits at a portable instrument box, listening on ear phones; turning dials. He is the link between the stage and the central recording laboratory.

Sound Test

"What is the test of 'good sound' in a motion picture?" I asked Douglas Shearer.

"The final test is this: *Is it believable?* As you see, we can do almost anything with sound; but unless the audience accepts the final result as true to the action—believable—we fail.

"We must remember," he added, "that in motion pictures every seat is the best seat in the house. Every moviegoer sits closer to the action than the theatre-goer who buys a first row seat.

"Often we must depart from reality to make the sound believable. This is particularly true with singing. If the camera shot singers while they were singing full volume, the result might

Peachy grinned slyly. "I get your point. When she discovered that she hadn't thought, it was too late—just like your silly sister."

That night Peachy dreamed that she was surrounded by a horde of people. They were wringing their hands and calling to her.

"I forgot to take my book home before the exam," sobbed one girl.

"I didn't think that there might be a fence around the curve of the hill," called a boy with a broken arm.

"How silly of me to shove Dave as he was drinking at the water fountain!" cried another boy. "Now he has a broken tooth."

"I lost a friend," a girl said sadly. "What I said was unkind—I didn't think."

"My money's all mixed up with the ticket money. I didn't think about keeping them separate."

"I locked the key in..."

"Stop!" Peachy cried, waking up. "We'd all better start thinking—thinking ahead and thinking things through. It'll save so much trouble."

be photographically unbelievable, therefore, bad. Singers usually record later what you see them sing on the screen.

"They look at themselves in a silent version of their shots and sing into a microphone. They match their own lip movements. Adults and even children develop surprising ability in this technique."

We think of sound as *accompanying* sight but it can do more than that. Picture and sound in a film can be. Ernest Lindgren says in *The Art of the Film*, "parts in a musical duet." Sound can go places where sight is not permitted. It can stay at the scene of a murder and hear the victim scream after the lens has left. It can be present at a baby's birth while the picture stays with the nervous father. Sound can toll approaching doom—as it does in *Day of Wrath* while you watch the growing terror in a cottage. It can speak of confusions or distress in the mind, as it does in *The Double Life*.

"Oscars" for Sound Recording

Year	Sound Director	Film
1947	Gordon Sawyer	<i>The Bishop's Wife</i>
1946	John Livadari	<i>The Jolson Story</i>
1945	Stephen Dunn	<i>The Bells of St. Mary</i>
1944	E. Hansen	<i>Wilson</i>
1943	Stephen Dunn	<i>This Land Is Mine</i>
1942	Nathan Levinson	<i>Yankee Doodle Dandy</i>
1941	Jack Whitney	<i>That Hamilton Woman</i>
1940	Douglas Shearer	<i>Strike Up the Band</i>
1939	Bernard B. Brown	<i>When Tomorrow Comes</i>



LYDIA LANE is excited. The English club has voted to write the history of their home town and Lydia has been chosen to write the chapter on the schools. She has busily interviewed local residents and read old newspapers and letters. Now she's decided that she must write some *letters of information* (or inquiry) to people no longer living in town.

Here's Lydia's first letter requesting information.

721 Race Street
Napoleon, Ohio
November 10, 1948

Mrs. Joshua Benham
345 Australian Avenue
Palm Beach, Florida

Dear Madame:

Mrs. Carter Pringle who is the editor of the *Napoleon Eagle* suggested that I write to you seeing as how you are one of the oldest living former residents of Napoleon. You see our English Club is writing the history of Napoleon which we hope to mimeograph in time for our Centennial which is next spring when we'll have a big celebration with an ox and the mayor speaking. I am writing the chapter on the history of the Napoleon schools and Mrs. Pringle thinks that you attended the laying of the cornerstone of the Old Firelands Grade School building on September 13, 1891. If you were present at that ceremony would you answer some questions for me? Who was the chief speaker for the occasion? What did he say? What documents were sealed into the cornerstone? What people—still living—attended the ceremony?

Thanking you in advance for any help you may give me, I remain

Yours truly,

Lydia Lane

P. S. Would you describe how people were dressed, whether they came by horse and buggy or not, and anything else which will add "color" to my description of the occasion. Also, do you have any snapshots of school life in the early days which I could use for illustrations?

Lydia needs help, if she expects to collect clear, accurate information for her chapter on schools. Let's check that letter to see what's wrong.

1. *Give the subject of your inquiry; then ask the questions.* Make your letter of information easy for your reader by immediately stating the purpose of the letter. Plunge right in with some question like this: Would you help me with the chapter on Napoleon's schools which

I am writing for a booklet entitled, *Napoleon, Yesterday and Today?* Then ask your questions. You'd better number them and paragraph each question so it will stand out:

(1) *Who was the chief speaker when the cornerstone was laid for the Old Firelands Grade School building on September 13, 1891?*

(2) *What did the speaker say?*

Work in all your questions including those you added as an afterthought in your postscript. You might also ask Mrs. Benham if she can suggest anyone now living in Napoleon who was at the ceremony.

2. *Add any necessary explanations.* Explain that the English Club at Napoleon H. S. is writing the booklet which will be distributed during the centennial celebration. (Watch your spelling. You misspelled *centennial*. Also, note that *centennial* is an adjective and must be accompanied by a noun. You used it as a noun. The noun is *centenary*.)

3. *Give the reason why you're writing to Mrs. Benham.* In a new paragraph, tell Mrs. Benham that Mrs. Pringle suggested that you write to Mrs. B. Tell why Mrs. Pringle made the suggestion (Mrs. P. was probably at the ceremony.). Include only the necessary facts. It's not necessary to give a detailed program of the centennial celebration.

4. *End your letter courteously.* It's no longer considered polite, authorities tell us, to end an inquiry letter with a sentence like the one beginning *Thanking you in advance*. . . . Such an ending, presupposes that Mrs. Benham is going to be able and willing to help. Much better is this sentence: *I shall appreciate any help which you can give me.*

5. *Include a stamped, self-addressed envelope* for the convenience of the reader, if the person to whom you're writing doesn't receive a large number of inquiry letters. If you are writing to a business firm, a Congressman, or to anyone who receives countless inquiry letters, put a loose stamp in the fold of your letter. Then, the receiver doesn't have to keep track of the self-addressed envelope. He can use the stamp on any letter.

6. *Check your letter for errors in spelling, grammar, English usage, punctuation, etc.* Your salutation (Dear

Madame:) could be improved. *Dear Mrs. Benham:* is much more personal and more appealing to the reader.

You'd better rewrite your first sentence. Your phrase, *seeing as how*, is not good English. The first two words (*You see*) of the second sentence are unnecessary. Cross them out. Of course, you didn't mean that the ox and the mayor were both going to speak at the celebration! Your letter sounds as if they were.

Also, watch your punctuation. In the sentence beginning *If you were present at that ceremony*, you forgot the comma after the word *ceremony*. Your sentence beginning with *You see* is much too long. Others also need attention.

Let's help Lydia by rewriting her letter of information. Use the six rules for letters of information as a guide.

• • •
Dear Editor:

On September 22, you published a radio play, "The Day Baseball Died." I would like to call to your attention a mistake in this play. On page 20, column 2, Mulaskey said, "Red struck me out five times at the beginning of the season when he started using the original Knuckleduster," and the story said that this was the World Series. (National League plays American League.) As you know, at the first of the season the two leagues do not play each other.

Please explain to me how Mulaskey faced Red (the pitcher) at the first of the season, and again in the series games at the end of the season.

Harm Kievet,
Central H. S., Kalamazoo, Michigan

S-T-R-I-K-E three—and we're *out!* Our apologies—and thanks to our eagle-eyed readers. We love 'em!

THE BOWS? OH, I FILE ACCORDING TO COLORS INSTEAD OF THE ALPHABET!



MUNCIE FALLS, NEBRASKA:

Something gala goes on at the Muncie Falls H.S. gym. Bright book-jackets strung on wires overhead provide a gay variation on the old Japanese-lantern theme.

Several hundred teen-agers, parents, teachers, and small-fry swarm enthusiastically around the half dozen festive booths.

Along the walls stand a welcoming committee—life-size cardboard cut-outs of Tom Sawyer, Sherlock Holmes, Paul Bunyan, David Copperfield, Jane Eyre, and several other familiar figures.

Crowding around a booth where books on careers are on display, a dozen students voice requests, ". . . got something on television?"

"At least six books, chum."

In another corner, parents inspect an exhibit of *The Books Teen-Agers Want for Christmas*. ". . . you mean they aren't reading Horatio Alger any more?"

"Who's he?" says the boy in charge of the booth.

". . . and how do you know my father will like this book?" asks a blonde girl at another table of books—*Pre-Tested for Parents*.

"You see what the sign says, Mary-belle," the captain of the football team assures her. "Picked that one myself."

"Does our library have this new sports series by Clair Bee?" Joe Scott asks in amazement at the Sports Bar.

". . . and that's not all, brother. Have you read *Fielder from Nowhere* by Jackson Scholz? Just fill out that request blank and drop by the 'libe' tomorrow.

I happen to know the librarian has a weakness for baseball fans!"

What's it all about? It's a Book Fair! We're crashing the party to learn a few of the carnival tricks that are making a Book Fair one of "the" events of the year in hundreds of U. S. schools.

AND HERE COMES—Dandy Jones, hero of Miss Parkins' fourth period English III class!

True, he looks more like D'Artagnan than Dandy at the moment. He doffs a plumed hat at us in musketeer style.

"Hi," he says, "I'm Dandy Jones—with apologies to Alexander Dumas and Gene Kelly. Who are you?"

We have to confess we're spies—underground agents in the employ of *Practical English*—trying to find out how to run a Book Fair.

"Good idea!" says our hero. "You've come to the right place. I see you've already met our guests of honor." Dandy brandishes a silver sword in the direction of Tom Sawyer and company.

"Personally, I suspect Tom Sawyer over there is an imposter," he confides. "Sawyer never had his hair slicked down like that in his life. But there's no accounting for some people's imagination.

". . . the art department's, I mean,"

he explains. "They created our guests of honor. Had a big competition in the department with five artists drawing each of the characters you see here. Five kids re-created Sherlock Holmes as they saw him, etc. Finally, the entire art department voted on the best reproduction of each character. The best you see before you—except for Tom. I'm sure I could improve on him."

"Since when do books draw as big a crowd as a two-ring circus?" we ask.

Circus Strategy

"Our Book Fair committee has two strategies." Dandy twirls his mustachio. "Number one—we give our show a good build-up. In the last three weeks, we've plastered Muncie Falls with as many colored posters as Ringling Brothers does every June. Number two—we give our Fair for a purpose—and give the whole town a purpose in coming."

"Such as what?" we inquire.

"Such as staging the fair early in December, just when everyone is thinking about what books he'll give as Christmas gifts."

"Many of our publicity posters were cartoons showing different types of people getting the *wrong* book for Christmas—you know—a baseball fan looking in bewilderment at *The History of Art in the Middle Ages*, donated by a loving auntie; Mary Lou giving her father *How to Win Your Man and Keep Him*, or Mom unwrapping *How to Build Model Airplanes*. (That last one's a real-life tragedy—it happened to my mother when I was 11½," Dandy confesses.)

"Who sponsors the Fair?" we ask.

"Our English III class," Dandy says with pride. "This spectacle you see before you grew out of a small Book Fair we held in our English classroom last year. It was such a success that all the other English classes in school wanted to come to our party. We decided to expand the idea and invite the whole student body and their parents this year. Last year, we held our exhibits and program one day in English class. This year we've had a program in the gym for three nights running. The Mayor of Muncie Falls was here last night and invited us to move into the Town Hall next year for a whole week's worth of Book Fair—open to the whole community!"

We are impressed. "How did you find time to organize a Fair of this size?"

"Our English III class planned the program," Dandy says, "but the whole school pitched in on the work. The art



"You can't go wrong. The paper itself will start a good camp fire."

Fair Tomorrow

classes made publicity posters, as well as our guests of honor! The shop classes constructed our booths; the domestic science girls decorated them. The Dramatics Club did skits for a school assembly program and over the local radio station to publicize the Fair. The school newspaper staff prepared announcements and feature stories for the town paper.

Experts Choose the Books

"The main job our English class had was deciding on the books we would promote as Christmas gifts. We decided half of the titles should be old stand-bys and that the other half should be books published within the last year. We divided our class into three groups. The first group was to select the list of books we would recommend as gifts for Mom and Dad, Uncle Sy, Grandpop, etc. The second group chose titles for teen-aged friends. Another group worked on books for kid brothers and sisters (under 10).

"This really made a swell English project," Dandy tells us. "Naturally, we couldn't read *all* the books that had come out in the last year. So what each group did was to compile a list of books from *Publisher's Weekly* that looked interesting. Next, every student in the group took five or six books from that list and looked up all the reviews he could find of them.

"Many of us had never dipped into the *Saturday Review of Literature*, the *N. Y. Times Book Review Section*, and other reliable sources for reports on new books. For instance, I hadn't even made a habit of reading the book reviews in the Sunday edition of the *Muncie Falls Gazette*.

"I do now," Dandy grins, "but it took our little detective assignment to get me interested in being up on current books."

"What did your class do after they had read the book reviews?" we ask.

"Everybody picked the book, or books, from his list that most reviewers agreed were worthwhile and read them. After reading these selected books, we made brief oral reports to the rest of the class, concluding with our recommendations as to whether the book should go on our Book Fair list. The class then voted on which books to include.

"We were going to have the final lists mimeographed to be passed out at the Fair. But Mr. O'Malley, who runs the bookstore in town, found out about our project. He told us he would be

glad to furnish copies of all the books we finally selected for display at the Fair—and if you stroll by that long table at the end of the gym," Dandy concludes, "you will see *gen-u-ine* books, courtesy of O'Malley's Bookstore.

"Mr. O'Malley was also swell about letting us put publicity displays in his store window. He told me he thought any bookstore would be glad to cooperate with a school group that was doing so much to stimulate an interest in books."

"Who's the fellow autographing books in that booth?" we ask Dandy as we stroll through the gym.

A Real Live Author

"That," Dandy lowers his voice, "is a *real live author!* You know there are few communities of any size that don't boast at least one writer. We uncovered two in this county. Mr. Barry over there writes biographies of historical characters who lived in this section of the U. S. And there's a girl out in Lower Muncie Falls who writes mystery stories. She was here last night. The authors talk to students, autograph copies of their books, and lend a little glamour to our gathering."

"Who thinks up all these ideas?" we wonder.

"Students, teachers, everyone," Dandy says. "I have about 50 good ideas jotted down in a little black book that we haven't had a chance to use yet. That's why we're planning a bigger and better Book Fair next year. Why, I haven't even told you about the programs we have every evening to get guests in the mood for browsing through our booths and discussing our books.

"The first night we had the cream of the debate team here and they staged a terrific pro-and-con pow-wow on the subject of 'Books Into Movies.' One

side argued that movie versions of famous stories were usually inferior to the original book. The other side tried to prove that most movies based on books do a lot to create interest in the book and make its characters come alive. Wish you could have heard it. Mrs. Cuddy, our librarian, said *sixteen* people asked for *The Three Musketeers* the next day to see if it was better than the movie as one of the debaters claimed.

"Tonight we led off with an Edgar Allan Poe story on records—*The Cask of Amontillado*, narrated by Sidney Greenstreet—really a suspenseful number. Poe's a cinch to get a big rush in the 'live' tomorrow.

"Tomorrow night we're having a 'Battle of the Books' Quiz. One of the freshman English classes made up the questions. We'll choose participants from the audience.

Cider and Charades

"Every night we have refreshments, cider and doughnuts, and we always finish off the evening with a lively game of charades in which guests act out book titles. The idea is to give a real party atmosphere to our Fair. Frankly, I'd come to the Fair, even if I weren't chairman of our English class."

"So would we," we agree. "Would you mind if we let our readers in on one or two of your ideas for running a Book Fair?"

"You're welcome," our friend says generously. "As long as you tell them it's a 'dandy' idea. And before you go, there's one thing you can do for me. We like everyone who visits our Fair to drop in at our Polling Booth on the way out. We want to know what is the best book you ever read, the best book you've read in the last year, and what book you'd like for Christmas."

"Will we get it?" we want to know.

"You would if you lived in Muncie Falls," Dandy grins. "I'm St. Nick's special representative out here." He lowered his voice to a whisper. ". . . after the Fair, I'm giving Mr. O'Malley the list of everyone's Christmas choices. His customers can't go wrong!"

Maybe your class decides to have a Book Fair. You try out a few of Dandy's ideas. You add some of your own. How does it all work out? We'd like to know.

If your school, class, or library club, sponsors a Book Fair, write and tell us where, when, why, how, and what you accomplished. *Practical English* will pay \$5 to the class (or reader) who sends us the best report on a local Book Fair.

The report should tell us how the Fair was set up, what type of publicity you used, what type of displays you had, who attended the Fair, etc. Send your reports to: Jean Merrill, Feature Editor, *Practical English*, 7 East 12th St., N. Y. 3, N. Y.



A. John Kaunus in Saturday Review of Literature
"Is it true to the motion picture?"

YOU WROTE IT!

DO YOU remember the cooperative poem, written by a junior high school class, which we printed in our October 6 issue? Judging by our mail, the "teamwork" idea is catching on. Have you and your classmates tried it yet? We hope that you'll soon get together to turn out a poem, a story, or a skit; and that you'll send the finished product to: "You Wrote It," *Practical English*, 7 East 12th Street, New York 3, N. Y. (We're eager to see your own individual work, too.)

Incidentally, if you're not sure of how to approach a cooperative venture, you'll find a mint of hints in "What a Character!" in this issue (page 5) and in "Book Revue," which is coming up next week.

Variety is the spice of any piece of cooperative writing. The reader has the opportunity of "seeing" the subject through the eyes of several authors. Notice how true this is of "Night," which was written by the senior English class of Washingtonville (New York) High School. You can easily see that the various authors all have their own ideas of what the darkness represents.

Night

- I. The time of darkness when one sleeps
Dark, dreary, when everything is confining,
Dark, lonesome blackness that envelops everyone.
Its coolness closes around them.
- II. A gloomy starkness
No stars, cold damp horrible sounds
Trees look weird
Deathly
- III. A moonlit road like a ribbon of blue
Night-shy, full of stars
Bright moon and a starlit heaven
Dark night with big dipper gleaming brightly
Dark moody clouds appearing over the moon
- IV. Glittering lights sprinkled here and there
Winking from friendly windows
While towering lights like beacons stand

Shadows disappearing into the blackness
Night is hiding something
Night is mysterious.

Virginia Saran follows an ancient and honorable literary tradition in her story, "From the Ashes, a Phoenix. (If you find the title confusing, the dictionary will straighten you out.) For centuries, authors have given their imaginations free rein in considering the possibilities of the world of the future. Virginia makes good use of several tricks of this particular trade. She gives her story plausibility by basing it on facts which we know to be true; but, she stretches our imaginations far enough to leave us gasping. Her trick of inventing names and machines is also typical of this type of writing. If Virginia's story catches your fancy, you may want to read other stories of this type, such as the novels of H. G. Wells and C. S. Lewis.

Virginia's tale won a commendation in the Short Story Division of the 1948 Scholastic Writing Awards, and was also awarded regional honors in the Michigan Regional Awards, co-sponsored by *Scholastic Magazines* and *The Detroit News*.

From the Ashes, a Phoenix

ALTHOUGH Myrla's normal interest in ancient history was merely lukewarm, the histo-pill she had taken before class was so stimulating that she felt an overpowering desire to hear what her teacher was saying.

"And so it was that in the year One, Post Atom (in the old system, the year 1945 A.D.), the scientists of the ancient power, the United States, tested and used the elementary principle of splitting the atom in three bombs, which were used to end a war in which the United States was engaged. Thus these men, by their crude efforts, unleashed a minute bit of the power which even school children know the atom contains. At that time, however, these scientists did not realize the good they could do with their discovery and they concentrated on making bombs. They tested two bombs at Bikini, now our Great Council's Headquarters, and thought that they had made the atoll uninhabitable. Unfortunately, they did not investigate closely enough for fear



of being subjected to too much dangerous radiation, and thus the progress of civilization was interrupted. It was not until our Great Council investigated that the world knew of the wonderful things that had happened there.

"Soon after the Bikini test, in the year 10 P.A., the 'Great War' was fought and the people who survived were forced underground. We would know little of what they did there were it not for the fact that our explorers have discovered several 'time capsules' which these people buried. At the Celestial Museum, there are a number of crude relics which were found in the caves, such as guns which used 'lead bullets,' 'telephones' to converse with other people by means of wires, and queer automobiles which had 'gasoline' motors."

Myrla joined in the general laughter that followed this. "Don't laugh," continued the teacher, "because, after all, it was a long time before our great Altus was born, to become the master of the secret of the uses of atomic fission. Also, we must remember that before Altus made his great discoveries, our ancestors knew nothing of cosmic radio power, atomic cars, and ray guns."

A bell sounded, signaling the end of the period. Myrla took a neutro-pill to counteract the effects of the histo-pill. Though she would never forget what had been said in the day's lecture, she did not want to talk about history the rest of the day.

"Next week I'll tell you a little more about life underground," said the teacher as she entered the chute which carried her to the roof where she caught the jet-bus for home. Myrla was glad she didn't have to go all the way to Venus to get home. She liked the many corridors of Suspencity and the cozy apartment she and her parents had in the West building.

Sometimes after school she would go to the very top of the building to the observation platform and look out over

the great city. There were only five buildings in Suspencity, and each was like a city in itself, with schools, shops, and recreation centers. Four buildings had tall, graceful spires which formed the four corners of the metropolis, and, with the great Central Building towering above the rest, it looked like a great emerald flower gleaming in the sun. The space ships which were constantly going and coming seemed like silver and gold and blue insects gathering nectar.

But today Myrla had no time to spare after school, because history was a late class, and she hurried down the corridor. After a five minute trip on the floorlator, she stepped off and took a chute to the private field on the roof where her father kept his new Powelane, the latest in jet interplanet ships. She met her father just as he was getting out of the ship. Eagerly she scanned the packages in his arms.

"Hi, daddy! Did you bring me the strawberries from the Marcenter?" she asked.

Mlikus Plastine looked apologetic. "Well, Myrla," he said as he stepped into a seat on the escalator which went to their floor, "things were pretty confused today in the market and . . ."

"Oh, jet-buckets!" interrupted Myrla. "You promised me you'd get them last week, and so far you've forgotten every day. You'd better take a memo-pill to make sure you won't forget tomorrow."

Myrla watched her father take the pill, and, when she was sure that he had concentrated sufficiently on the strawberries she asked, "What was so confusing at the market today, Daddy?"

"Well, the farmers on X-84 cornered the Marcenter on Ato-aps today," replied her father, helping her on the floorlator, "and the dealers were really raising the troposphere about it. My little farm on C-32 wasn't affected by the price drop, since I only grow jetatoes; but I had my troubles, too. My Weathercand broke down, and it rained until I managed to get it repaired. But I had to borrow an infra-beam to get the place dried. I still can't get over how those rays only affect free water and not plant life. Science is really advancing by leaps and bounds, and some of the things that we'll soon have will seem almost unbelievable."

They stepped from the floorlator, and as the door opened at the sound of their voices, they entered the apartment. "Well, here we are," said Mr. Plastine, "and there's Mother at the electrove, fixing dinner. Hello, there!"

Alina Plastine turned from the gleaming silver electrove and surveyed her family. "Hello, dear, you look tired. Go in and lie down and rest before dinner. Well, Myrla, how was school today?"

"Oh, fine, mother. What are we hav-

ing for dinner?" Myrla walked over to the electrove and looked in.

Her mother answered, casting a rueful glance at the table where a smoking pot stood. "We were going to have jetatoes and gravy, but I set the electrove for two seconds instead of one and I burned them, so I suppose we'll have leftover Venus-hen hash again."

She brightened perceptibly as her daughter said, "That's all right, Mother. I'll open a can of ice soyean for dessert and we'll have a fine dinner."

Myrla went into the dining room and set out the disposable glazed paper dinnerware and dishes. After she set the table, she went into the living room where her father was lying on the brillium divan. Picking up a pillow and easing it behind his back, she asked, "Father, may I go down to earth tonight with Marlus? They just opened the new carnival, and they say there are exact copies of those ancient roller-coasters and whips that used to thrill the pre-atom people. Marlus told me they are simply wonderful, they're so slow!"

Her father lighted his pipe on the ultra-beam lighter. "Well, dear, I suppose you may, if your mother gives her permission, but be sure and be back in Suspencity by 11 P. M."

Just then Mrs. Plastine called them to dinner, and they went into the dining room.

Myrla's mother didn't have any objections to the trip, either, and, after dinner, Myrla put on her new Saturn-blue sports suit and went to meet Marlus at the Vita-bar where her friends usually gathered. They took the jet-bus down to earth where they landed at the New Earth space-port, since no rocket ships were allowed near the city. On the way down, Marlus told Myrla that the space-port was built on the site of what had been the greatest city in the pre-atom age, New York. It had been completely destroyed in the "Great War."

When they landed, Myrla looked around at the great Marblelite domed and spired buildings that surrounded

the port. She had always thought that New Earth City was the most beautiful in the Solar system, and tonight it was at its best. The buildings had their own glow because of the Lumilite trimmings in different colors which adorned them, and great beams of light in indescribable shades shot upwards and formed a gigantic peak of light above the city. Looking up, she could see Suspencity, hanging like a great emerald jewel in the clouds, with piercing beams of emerald light shining out in all directions. In the distance, brilliant rose-colored Atlantropolis was suspended over the dark ocean.

Myrla wondered what it had been like in the pre-atom days when men were confined to one planet, and cities were dull, drab, gray-streaked monsters, clutching the earth. She asked Marlus if he thought that the people had ever had any good times, or were happy, handicapped as they were by uncontrollable weather, disease, poverty, poor machines, and wars. She had even heard that they had no histo- or mathite-pills to make school easier.

"What are you so concerned about?" Marlus teased. "You don't have to worry about anything except bringing your compo-pills to class tomorrow—and you can take a pill for remembering, too. Come on. Snap on your anti-gravalene belt and let's go to the carnival."

But as she lay down on her floatbed that night and anchored it so that she could see earth below, Myrla thought, "I'm glad I was born in the atomic age. It must have been quite exasperating to live in the pre-atom age with so few and so primitive comforts."

And as she dozed off she thought, "I wish I could think up an excuse not to attend grammar class tomorrow, though. I guess pre-atom days did have one good point after all, even without school pills. At least, then I could have said I was sick and stayed home."

Virginia Saran

Pershing High School
Detroit, Michigan





Test Your READING SKILL

DOES your mind function as a camera when you read? Can you develop a mental picture of the scenes described in stories? This skill comes in handy when you're reading a story like "Fury in the Fifth Level" (page 25).

You could hardly appreciate the narrow escape of Reynolds and Bruno without picturing exactly what was happening in the mine. And you couldn't do that without knowing the definition of the technical mining terms in the story.

This quiz tests the clarity of your mental picture of the setting in "Fury in the Fifth Level." Read this summary of the story. Notice the italicized words, all of which appear in the story. Then match each of the italicized words with one of the definitions which follow the paragraph.

Bruno, who was a miner in the Fifth Level (1) of the *workings* (2), sensed that his *heading* (3) was threatened by a *squeeze* (4). His hunch was borne out when Reynolds, the foreman, discovered that miners in the adjacent workings, which were flooded, had been allowed to mine through the boundary *pillar* (5). Reynolds arrived at Bruno's heading a second too late to keep him from blasting. Since the *face* (6) of the heading was very close to the weakened pillar, the blast cracked the barrier, which began to crumble under pressure of the water. As they were trying to make their way to the top of a *slope* (7),

the *gangway* (8) caved in, trapping them in the dead end of a heading. Bruno's quick thinking—in tapping out their position in code on the *tracks* (9)—brought the rescue party to them speedily.

(a) Horizontal plane in a mine, crossing the vein of ore in the earth, consisting of a main tunnel and a network of smaller tunnels.

(b) An inclined passage running through the mine up to the surface.

(c) A horizontal passage leading from the main tunnel directly through the vein of ore.

(d) A group of excavations and tunnels on various levels made for mining a mineral deposit.

(e) A main tunnel.

(f) A gradual closing in of tunnels due to the sinking down of overlying layers of earth and rock.

(g) Rails laid on tunnel floors for cars which transport the mined ore.

(h) A solid mass of coal, rock, or ore left standing to support the roof of a tunnel.

(i) The end, or wall, of a tunnel at which work is progressing.

• • •

You may need a word of explanation about the title, "From the Ashes, a Phoenix" (page 16). According to ancient Egyptian mythology, the phoenix was a fabulous bird which lived for

500 years, then burned itself and rose from its own ashes young and beautiful.

Do you remember all of the imaginative details which the author sketched into her picture of life in the Post Atomic Age? These questions will help you brush up on those details.

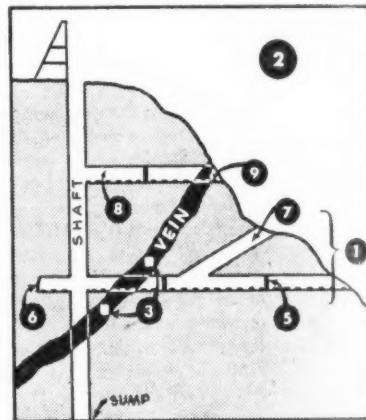
1. What were the uses of each of the following: (a) the histo-pill; (b) the neutrino-pill; (c) the memo-pill?

2. Which of these was the term which Myrla used as an exclamation of annoyance: (a) "Oh atometry!" (b) "Oh metronome!" (c) "Oh jet-buckets!"

3. Which of the following did Myrla's father grow on his farm: (a) uranisms; (b) soybeans; (c) jetatoes?

4. Can you identify each of the following: (a) a Powelane; (b) a Weather-cand; (c) an electrove?

Answers in Teacher Edition



Use this diagram, showing a cross-section of a mine, to work out the quiz on "Fury in the Fifth Level." Numbers refer to italicized words in the quiz.

grammatically correct, but you don't have to *see* them in order to understand.

So what? So now you know that you can make sense without reading every word on the printed page. This technique will help you read more rapidly and more easily. Instead of plodding along with every word, you can skip lightly over the unimportant links, concentrating all your effort on getting the "meat" from the key words.

Practice this *rapid reading technique* on short stories, anecdotes, news articles, novels—any casual reading which you do "on your own." When you have it "down pat," you may be able to adapt it for other more difficult reading.

How do you develop the knack for deciding which words are merely links?

Make mental telegrams as you read. If you were going to "wire" this sentence, *John will arrive at the airport Thursday evening at nine p.m.*, you would shorten it to *John arrive airport Thursday nine p.m.* That gives you a

clue about unimportant words. You can drop auxiliary verbs (*will, has been, should*), prepositions (*at, by, for*), and "joiners" (*so that, and, nevertheless*).

You'll develop this skill much more easily if you've been hard at work on your *phrase reading* ("Tips on Reading," September 22). It's simpler and more sensible to choose the key words from brief phrases than to tackle an entire sentence in one swoop.

Here's a practice paragraph; as you read it, underline the key words.

Homing pigeons are one of the mysteries of modern science. Birds can be shipped hundreds of miles in a closed basket so that they cannot see where they are going. However, when they are released, they circle about a few times, and then head straight for home. No one has yet discovered the secret of the pigeons' amazing "homing" instinct.

Answers in Teacher Edition



SUN SHIMMERED on beach. Squinting shading eyes, Alice saw Tony out swimming toward float. Ran to water, dipped foot cautiously. Icy cold sent shiver through body. Clenched teeth, dashed through surf, plunged in.

That paragraph made sense to you, didn't it? You had a clear picture of where Alice was, and of what she was doing. Yet it was thrifty with words. Originally the passage contained 53 words; we cut 20 of them.

Obviously those 20 cut words were unimportant. They made the sentences



PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT



Vol. 5, No. 8, November 10, 1948

NAME _____

CLASS _____

Watch Your Language!

Today you're going to be the doctor. Your patients? Just some sentences in need of treatment. Some will get by with just a little fixing here and there; others need major repairs. All of these sentences are suffering from ailments you've been diagnosing and treating these past weeks. So put your gloves on, take out your grammar scalpel, and better not forget that *ether*, because you'll have to put to sleep some of these sentences before you can go to work on them.

In the spaces below each sentence, rewrite the sentence to give it a new and intelligible look. Two points each. Total, 30.

1. I like English, chemistry, and to study Spanish.

2. A good football player must have skill, endurance, and know the game.

3. Jim's pants are shorter than Jack.

4. His nose looked like an eagle.

5. The parrot's wing is healed now and you may take it home.

6. The girls had fun at the fish-fry but they ate too many of them.

7. To get to Coney Island, a three-mile hike was taken.

8. Take three of these tablets before retiring in a cup of water.

9. The teacher patted him as he walked out on his head.

10. I found a termite opening my lunch box.

11. After a hearty meal, our radio entertained us for an hour.

12. Horse for sale by man with exceptionally long tail.

13. Rolling over on his back, I tickled my dog.

14. As a boy, he read many books on medicine. He decided he would be one when he grew up.

15. While kissing his girl, the clock struck twelve.

My score _____

Are You Spellbound?

Here we are now at the half-way mark in our "Operation Spelling." The objective (what we want to get) is 100% now and always because you can't be *almost right* in spelling. You're either right or wrong.

In the sentences that follow, your job is to underscore the words that are incorrectly spelled in *each sentence*. (In some you'll find more than one misspelled word.) Then write them *correctly* in the spaces underneath each sentence. No credit unless you get *all* the words in *each* sentence! Two points for each sentence. Total, 40.

1. To the beggar, the calender looked familiar because it was similar to the one he had reconized before.

2. It was a great suprise for the canidate to have his grammer corrected.

3. Don't put too much reliance in a person who wears a rubber coller.

4. He likes asparrowgras with cranberry sauce.

5. The player was attackted in a brutel fashion by the lady with the umberella.

6. An excellant mechanic can fix that axel for less than a doller.

7. He is an obedient, self-reliant employee.

8. Is it necessary for you to go to the cemetary with the auther?

9. He didn't have confidance in his ability to eat celary.

10. This kind of sentance is found in the writing of many pupils.

11. The morel of this story is that you must not give up the struggel.

12. The humbel and the proud met the same fate in the disastor.

13. The admiral accepted the congratulation of all for the successful navel battle.

14. In that fatel struggle the vessle remained stationery.

15. They made no reference to his dependance.

16. Can you whistel through a thimble?

17. Jim trembeled in the barlle.

18. I accept your offer to climb the chimeney.

19. In a noval display of mentel powers, he memorized the dictonary.

20. On the contrary, the governer and the senater ran shoulder to shoulder in the atheletic contest.

Sign Language

If the sentence is correctly punctuated, mark it **C**. If it needs correction, write the word that comes *before* the punctuation mark and then write the punctuation mark.

Example: Are you coming coming?

One point for each sentence. Total, 20.

- 1. In the winter time hangs heavy on one's hands.
- 2. In 1892 18-year-old boys could get jobs without working papers.
- 3. Was this the face that launched a thousand ships.
- 4. Wherever you go home is always in your thoughts.
- 5. Because I like you I'll go along.
- 6. While I was painting my face got splattered.
- 7. Since there's no help let us part.
- 8. Ouch.
- 9. Mother, may I go out to swim.
- 10. In the end truth will triumph.
- 11. When you are boiling the oil be careful.
- 12. On page 18 20 errors were discovered.
- 13. What a beautiful day.
- 14. In general colonels are competent.
- 15. When Jack arrives, please let me know.
- 16. We'll be there in time for the dance.
- 17. Although I shave Mother treats me like a baby.
- 18. On the contrary Jack should be praised for his actions.
- 19. During the summer flies are very numerous in this region.
- 20. Among the first 156,000 50,000 were found unfit for duty.

My score

What's the Usage?

Today we're going to talk about a subject that's very close to the hearts of all of you. Maybe we'll be able to come up with the right answer to a question you're always asking: *How should I hold a cup of tea when I'm dining in public?*

We'll admit that this isn't exactly a world-shaking matter—but it's important to you when you're out on a date. You want to do the right thing. You don't want to be embarrassed by not knowing the right thing to do.

So—here goes. But in exchange for what we're going to tell you, you'll have to do something, too. You'll have to underscore the errors in our discussion and correct them in the spaces below. Fair enough? The information is free. The errors are on you! One point for each. Total, 10.

There are two schools of thought on the subject of tea-drinking. The first school says that you must hold the cup daintily between your thumb and index finger, meanwhile keeping the rest of the fingers gracefully poised in midair and away from the cup. The fifth finger or "pinkie," as it is sometimes called, must stand out from the rest. If you can't do this without spilling the tea all over yourself, you are illegible to move in our better social circles.

The other school of tea-drinkers maintains that theirs is a much better method than the one we've just described. Just take hold of the cup with the thumb, index, and third fingers and let the rest of the fingers droop easily. The effect is not to startle but its more natural.

Who's theory will you follow when you're out with a date? Most authorities on etiquette agree that the second method is the one to follow. Their feeling is that it's less conspicuous and therefore better. The time has passed, they say, when the protruding "pinkie" was the rage. Beside, they ask, why get your digits twisted out of shape simply because you're drinking a cup of tea? In addition, it's hard to keep that "pinkie" stationary. It starts wobbling after a few minutes, because you're forcing it into an unnatural position.

We feel that "drooping pinkie" people are right. Their method makes the best sense.

Somewheres in this fair land, we are told, there are people who don't follow either of these two methods. They have one of their own.

After they spill the tea into the cup, they take hold of the cup with both hands, making it look as if it weighed a ton. Then they lift the cup gently off of the saucer! Strange, isn't it, that in this streamlined age of ours we still find some people with table manners of savages?

- 1. 6.
- 2. 7.
- 3. 8.
- 4. 9.
- 5. 10.

My score

My total score

Correctly Speaking

You may think we're slightly goofy when we ask you this one: How do you pronounce *t*? And how do you pronounce *d*? No, we aren't kidding. Do you know? Are you sure? Then try a few words like: *tip, dip, tan, Dan, trip, drip*.

Easy, isn't it? *D* and *t* have different sounds when you say them, don't they? Anybody knows that! Well, that's what *you* think.

The truth is that many people may know it, but they're *lazy* in their speech. They say *d* when they should say *t*.

Just observe this simple rule. When you see a *t*, say *t*. When you see a *d*, say *d*.

<i>Say</i>	<i>Don't Say</i>
pretty (pritty)	priddy
dirty	dirdy
congratulate	congradulate
party	pardy
little	liddle
forty	fordy
thirty	thirty
beautiful	beaufiful
seventy	sevendy
eighty	eighdy
ninety	ninedy

Don't Be Careless

There are some errors in speech that are due to just one thing — carelessness. You'll recognize them as soon as you see them — but don't say them!

<i>Say</i>	<i>Don't Say</i>
I'm	ahm
ought to	awdduh
all right	awri
could you?	cood-juh?
didn't you?	dint-choo?
don't you?	doncha?
going to	gonna
give me	gimme
did you eat?	jeet?
let me	lemme
let's go	lez go
just	jist, jus
moving pictures	moom pitchers
something	sumpin
shouldn't	shoont
wouldn't	woont

How's Your Pronunciator?

Just for fun, try this test. The word is in the first column. Columns A and B contain two different pronunciations of the word. Only one of the two is correct. Underscore the correct pronunciation. (The accented part of the word is in capital letters.)

<i>Word</i>	<i>Column A</i>	<i>Column B</i>
poem	PO em	pome
pumpkin	PUN kin	PUMP kin
partner	PART ner	PARD ner
attacked	a TAKT	a TAKT ed
adversary	AD ver sa ry	ad VER sa ry



HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

By SLIM SYNTAX

I know when you have a lot of elephants you have a herd. But how about a lot of *wolves, ants, geese, fish, bees*? What are they called?

V. S., Charlotte, N. C.

Wolves hunt in *packs*. Ants live in *colonies*. A group of geese is a *flock*. Fish are smart. When they get together, you have a *school* of fish. Bees live in a *hive* or a *colony*.

• • •

What is the meaning of this phrase? I came across it in a comic book I was reading some time ago: *sinkers and suds*.

F. R., Butte, Montana

Sinkers and suds is a slang expression meaning *doughnuts and coffee*.

The comics are slipping. This is pretty old-fashioned slang. Maybe you'd better switch to a different kind of reading.

• • •

I read *Practical English* every week and especially enjoy reading your "How's That Again?" column.

A question was discussed in a dentist's office when a woman said that her tooth was not "correctible" or "correctable." The question is, is the word spelled with "ible" or "able"? I have looked in three different dictionaries, and there isn't any such word listed. Will you please tell me whether or not there is such a word? If so, how do you spell it?

Bernice Lee, San Diego (Calif.) H. S.

You can spell it either way, Bernice — with an *ible* or an *able*. That's what Webster's *Unabridged Dictionary* says. You'll find both spellings listed down at the bottom of the page. I prefer to write it *correctible*, but you'll be correct if you write it *correctable*.

Answers to Last Week's Crossword Puzzle

D	A	M	A		S	I	D	E
U	R	A	L		I	D	E	S
K	I	N	G		R	E	A	P
E	D		E	H		A	N	Y
					B	R	I	M
S	P	A			D	A		A
E	A	R	L			D	O	N
A	L	O	E		A	P	O	D
R	E	N	T		M	A	N	Y

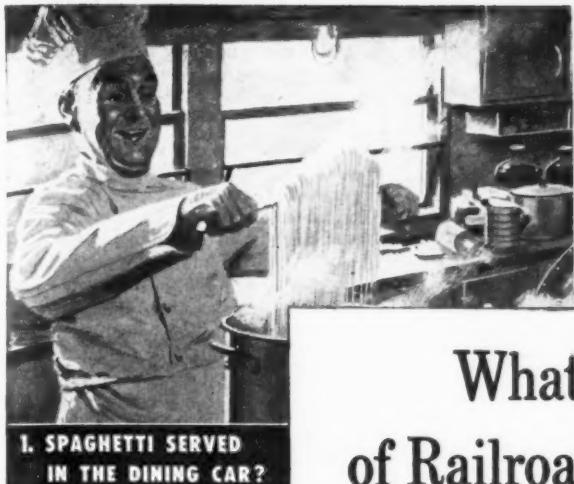
Coming Next Week: Another Crossword Puzzle

AIN!

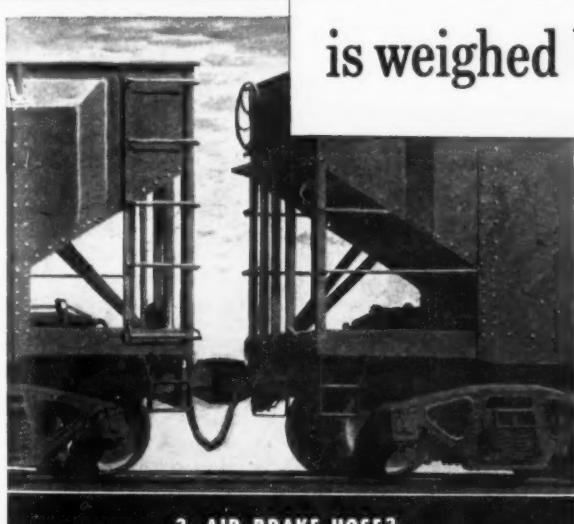
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1. SPAGHETTI SERVED
IN THE DINING CAR?



3. AIR BRAKE HOSE?



2. STEEL RAILS?



4. DRAINAGE PIPE FOR THE ROADBED?

The Right Answer is No. 2. The steel rails on which America's trains run are measured and described by their weight in pounds per yard, such as 90-pound rail, 112-pound rail, 132-pound rail, etc.

In the early days, rail made of ordinary iron and weighing as little as 25 pounds per yard was strong enough to withstand the weight of a train and the wear and tear of its spinning wheels.

But as locomotives and cars became larger and heavier, and as the speed and length of trains increased, the size and weight of the rails were increased accordingly. Iron rails gave way to steel. The steel itself was made stronger, safer, and longer-wearing through con-

tinual research. Even the shape of the rail was changed.

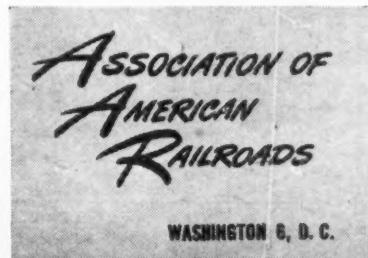
Today, the weight of modern steel rail averages about 100 pounds to the yard. Some track that carries extremely heavy traffic is laid with rail weighing up to 152 pounds.

Research in rail down through the years is a good example of the way rail-

roads work steadily to improve *all* kinds of materials and equipment. And right now they are busier than ever improving their tracks and roadbed, adding new and better freight cars, more powerful locomotives, and more luxurious passenger cars.

That's why the railroads must be allowed to earn enough money to do three things: to pay current expenses; to attract investors; and to have something left over to plow back into improvements. *

THE RAILROAD HOUR brings you one of the world's great musical comedies every Monday evening. Tune in, ABC Network, 8:45 Eastern, Mountain, and Pacific Time; 7:45 Central Time.



The Career Clubbers Meet a 200 W. P. M. Girl

WE HAVE a genuine speed demon in our midst today," Dick Varnum announced to the Career Clubbers. "Miss Barr, our shorthand teacher, has asked Miss Birdie Hartshorn to talk with us.

"Miss Hartshorn is the press conference reporter for the U. S. Secretary of Agriculture, Charles F. Brannan. She was awarded the Diamond Medal last month for qualifying on the 200 words-per-minute Expert Test in shorthand. Miss Barr, would you introduce Miss Hartshorn?"

"Thank you, Mr. Chairman," Miss Barr said crisply. "I'd like to give you briefly the background of one of Jefferson High's most successful Commercial Department graduates. Birdie will then be happy to answer any questions you may have on the work of the stenographer and of the secretary.

"Birdie herself is a *specialist secretary*. (Other specialist secretaries include the legal secretary, the confidential secretary, the medical secretary, the social secretary, etc. Such jobs require a better education, more experience, and more responsibility, than is expected of a regular secretary. Naturally such secretaries earn higher salaries.)

"Birdie took advanced shorthand in my class in—let's see—1940 and belonged to my Scribe's Club. The Scribes met once a week to take speed dictation, to improve shorthand penmanship, and to prepare for various contests. Birdie won a shorthand certificate for being able to transcribe 100 words per minute, type straight copy at 60 w.p.m. almost without error. And her spelling, grammar, punctuation, and paragraphing were excellent.

"After high school, Birdie took the two-year business course at the Tiffany Business College and continued to practice her shorthand in an after-school club. She soon qualified for 140 w.p.m. She also learned shorthand reporting principles.

"When she finished college she took a Civil Service examination for a senior stenographic position and found the 120 w.p.m. shorthand test a "breeze." A year went by before she was offered a Civil Service job in the Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C. In the meantime, Birdie worked for the Board of Education as secretary to the Superintendent of Schools. During this time she secured her 160 w.p.m. award.

"Birdie's first job in Washington was as stenographer to the Director of Personnel for the Department of Agriculture. There she heard about the work of the stenographer who recorded the

SPEED DEMON

Secretary of Agriculture's press conferences in shorthand, and she longed for an opportunity to try out for the job. She received the chance and was appointed to the position in 1945.

"She tells me she loved the work but felt that if she could improve her shorthand speed, she could do a *still better* job. So Birdie went to night school where she passed the 175 w.p.m. test.

"In 1947, in addition to her press conference work, she became secretary to one of the Commissioners of Agriculture. Her work with him includes reporting in shorthand his weekly staff meetings which last from one to two hours. Subjects discussed vary from problems of water supply to plant diseases. Last month she passed the 200 w.p.m. shorthand test—a real achievement!

"At lunch today, Birdie told me enthusiastically, 'Shorthand's a language all its own! I often think how wonderful it is that all those characters and curlicues represent words and phrases!'

"Birdie, would you come up in front where everyone can see you?" Miss Barr concluded.

When the clapping had subsided, Vera raised her hand. "Would you tell us, please, Miss Hartshorn, about the work of the beginning stenographer?



George Clark in the N. Y. Daily News
"You'd think Mr. Bixby would be proud of having the best-dressed secretary in the building—but all he does is fuss about my spelling!"

And what qualifications are needed to be a stenographer?"

Birdie smiled. "I'll be glad to tell you about my experience. A stenographer should have a thorough knowledge of the style, form, and set-up of the business letter. She should be able to take dictation of at least 80-120 w.p.m. and to transcribe it in typing of at least 25 w.p.m. She should do straight typing at 55-60 w.p.m., with almost no errors.

"Most firms want stenographers who are graduates of high school commercial departments or who have had a business school or business college education. Such courses as business English, commercial arithmetic, commercial geography, office practice, office machines, bookkeeping, and filing are important background courses.

"A superior stenographer is often chosen to become a secretary. In addition to the regular work of a stenographer—typing, filing, taking care of the mail, answering the telephone, meeting people, and doing routine office work, a secretary has other responsibilities.

"She runs her employer's office, opens and reads his mail, answers most of his letters without direction from him, reminds him of conferences, and prepares reports. She may supervise other clerical workers in the office."

"Miss Hartshorn," Pat asked, "what is the salary of an average stenographer or secretary?"

"Expert stenographers now receive as much as \$45 or more a week in the larger cities; secretaries earn as much as \$60," Miss Hartshorn told Pat. "In smaller communities, where living costs are less, they receive smaller amounts, of course. Efficient male secretaries may earn even more because the demand for male stenographers and secretaries is usually greater than the supply.

"A really good secretary sometimes has a good opportunity to be promoted to an executive position because he (or she) knows a firm's business firsthand. Some become (as did ex-Secretary of States James F. Byrnes) court reporters."

Birdie paused. "I'd like to emphasize that to be a good stenographer or secretary, you should have: (1) the ability to get along with people; (2) the ability to work under pressure (when you have a lot of work to do in a hurry); (3) nimble fingers for shorthand and typing; good eyesight and hearing, too; (4) an interest in office details—filing, answering the phone; checking words and figures; (5) a well-groomed appearance; (6) the ability to assume responsibility and to get work done."—WILLIAM FAVEL, Vocational Editor.

Next week: Sandy Harris and Ray Celek report on opportunities in television.

Minutes count after a mine
cave in . . . minutes and brains



By Floyd E. Wermuth

JIM REYNOLDS was in the fire bosses' shanty finishing his inspection report when he heard someone call from the gangway, and saw the bright gleam of a miner's lamp at the door. Squinting, he could make out the huge frame of Bruno Kovalski.

The Pole's fat, mustached face was shadowed by the peak of his helmet. In better light the blue dust markings would show—an ugly, splattered tattoo made by a premature blast.

"My chamber—it is safe for working today, Mister Reynolds? Or maybe you find sign of squeeze, yes?"

Annoyed, Reynolds stepped out into the gangway. Only the day before they had had it out—Bruno insisting that a cave-in was impending because the rats had mysteriously left his chamber, and Reynolds ridiculing this ancient superstition of the mines.

FURY
in the Fifth Level

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Building, Chicago 1, Ill. (Esquire, July,
1948.)

"Look," said Reynolds. "There's no squeeze going on in the Fifth Level. Would I be roaming around there every morning if a squeeze had started? Your heading's as safe as ever, so quit worrying."

"Then why all the rats go away?"

"Maybe you haven't been feeding them regularly." Bruno's habit of setting out food scraps for the rats was famous in the Fifth Level.

"Better somebody take care of them," Bruno said bitterly. "Rats good luck for miners."

When Reynolds had returned to the brightly lit shanty he selected a thick sandwich from his dinner pail and poured steaming coffee from a thermos flask. Tramping through two miles of dark, tomb-silent underground always put a keen edge to his morning appetite. He watched the pin points of light dance by outside, as miners came along the mainway in single file.

Poor Bruno, he thought, might have outgrown his superstitiousness but for the strangely timed explosion in the Ross Vein some years back.

A FEW days before the explosion Bruno was on his way to a foreman's shanty when he came upon a group of clubwomen fitted out in coveralls and miners' lamps. They were sightseers whom Reynolds had been chosen to escort on a tour of the mine.

When Bruno saw them he let out a stream of profanity. Women inside a coal mine! It would put a curse on the mine and there would be trouble. Bruno took the first man-cage he could get to the surface. He stayed at home three days and just as he planned to return to work the explosion occurred. Sparks from the trolley of an electric "lokie" set off a pocket of white damp, killing nine men.

Bruno insisted the disaster resulted from allowing women where only men should go. Actually it was not the first time women had been taken on a tour of the mine, but merely the first time Bruno had seen them.

Reynolds was finishing his coffee when Dick Griffiths, young fire boss for the East of the Fifth Level, entered the shanty and, after washing up, sat down at the map table.

"Met one of your men down at the turnout," said Griffiths. "He said something about a squeeze starting in his chamber."

"Yeah," said Reynolds. "That's Bruno. He says the rats heard the timbers creaking and beat it."

Griffiths was thoughtful. "Do you think we ought to take a look?"

"Everything was okay when I passed through there an hour ago," said Reynolds emphatically.... The young fire

boss was new in the Fifth Level and hadn't got to know Bruno. He would learn.

A dancing light appeared in the doorway. It was one of the assistant foremen. He handed Reynolds a roll of blueprinted maps.

"Here are two new Fifth Levels," he said, "and here's that Ridgewood map you've been wanting. Those dopes upstairs finally found it."

Reynolds said thanks, took the maps and began studying the newly corrected Fifth Level. Seeing the month-to-month progress in his section of the vein was like watching a city grow. The headings were like streets, the crosscuts like intersections and the rectangular pillars left standing resembled the "company houses" in the patch—all of similar size and direct line.

He found Bruno's heading easily enough. It led all the others going west and had reached a point almost touching the boundary pillar standing between the Coldspring and the abandoned Ridgewood workings. State mining laws required that a hundred-yard pillar be left standing to prevent adjacent mines from breaking in upon one another. Some companies mined a short distance into the boundary pillars, but it was dangerous business. The Coldspring obeyed all safety laws and Reynolds decided he would let Bruno finish up this day and start him in a new heading tomorrow.

He turned to the Ridgewood map. The abandoned neighboring mine had had a unique ventilation plan in its Fifth Level. Reynolds wanted to study it. As his pencil point moved to the extreme right of the map, he suddenly frowned. "Something is wrong here," he said softly.

He jotted down station readings from the Fifth Level and Ridgewood maps. Then taking his slide rule he made hurried calculations.

He cried out. "They mined right through the boundary pillar! Just ten yards between us and the Ridgewood workings."

Griffiths was on his feet. "Any of our headings reach the pillar line?" he asked.

"Bruno's is just about on-line right now," he answered Griffiths. He strove to keep his voice calm.

"The Ridgewood workings are flooded," shouted Griffiths. "No wonder the rats beat it. Those pumps stopped about five months ago. If Bruno sets off a blast in there it'll be like dynamiting a dam."

Reynolds glanced at his watch. It was seven-thirty. Bruno would fire his first blast at eight in accordance with colliery rules.

Reynolds rushed to the wall tele-

phone. He cranked out four rings—the foreman's shanty nearest Bruno's heading. He waited a moment, then cranked again. There was no response.

"Johnson must be out making his rounds," he said grimly, looking at Griffiths. He reached for his helmet and lamp. "I'll try to get up there to stop that blast. You keep calling Johnson's shanty. Whoever answers, get them up there and put Bruno wise. In between, call all the other shanties and tell them to get the men out of the path of the flood—up to the top of the slopes—in case we don't get to Bruno in time."

HE COVERED the distance to the first turnout in a few minutes. It was a gentle downgrade, but his legs were already beginning to tire. It was up to him if the phone call failed. He was puffing fiercely when he reached the mouth of the gangway that would take him to Johnson's shanty. He glanced at his watch. It was twenty of eight.

Small electric bulbs, spaced every fifty yards, made pin points of light to guide his way. His own lamp shone only a few feet ahead and he had to watch for low-hanging timbers. A group of bobbing lights in the distance turned out to be track repairmen, and when he reached them he gasped, "Get everyone up to the top of the slopes. There may be a flood here in a few minutes."

Nearing Johnson's shanty he looked anxiously for moving lights. But the shanty was deserted. He heard four rings as he sped past. It was Griffiths still calling.

Without pausing he glanced at his watch. Ten minutes of eight. If the airway was clear of roof-falls he might get there in time.

He began his short cut at a junction point where the airway "jumped" the gangway by means of an enclosed overpass. He pulled open the small door, not stopping to close it behind him.

The airway was cool and damp and he felt some relief in his dust-coated throat. He was puffing violently now and the muscles in his legs had begun to tighten. The several small roof-falls in the airway had not barred his way.

He left the airway at the point nearest Bruno's heading. He again stole a glance at his watch. Five minutes of his head throbbed painfully.

Reaching the last crosscut he tried to cry out a warning, but his dust-clogged throat allowed only a feeble sound. He saw two dancing lights in the distance—Bruno and his helper preparing to touch off their blast.

Then he heard the dull "Puuwood," and felt the floor vibrate under him. As if by shock-cure his voice returned

(Continued on page 28)

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Fury in the Fifth Level

(Continued from page 26)

and he shouted, "Bruno... Joe... this way!" Bruno and Joe could hear him now and came running. While his lamp-light played on them he caught their looks of stupefaction.

"Follow me as fast as you can," he cried and turned.

As they ran Reynolds heard an ominous sound behind them—a splashing noise coming from the face of Bruno's heading. The blast had opened several fissures, he guessed. In a few moments the entire barrier would crumple under pressure of Ridgewood water.

He led the way, searching for passageways that pitched upwards. Suddenly, as they came to an abrupt dead end, Reynolds knew he had made a wrong turn and entered an abandoned heading which ended only twenty yards from the gangway.

"Must find higher place," Bruno demanded, pointing to the roof of the heading where a small circle enclosed a group of numbers painted in white. "Elevation only eight feet higher than my place."

"Back down to the gangway," shouted Reynolds, starting with long steps in that direction. It surprised him that Bruno could interpret the numbers left by colliery surveyors. To most miners station readings were meaningless.

Then, from the gangway, came the deafening roar of rushing water. The wall of coal had collapsed and they were trapped between the gangway and the dead end of the heading.

"Up to the face again," shouted Reynolds.

They clambered up the slight incline. The heading had more than thirty degrees of pitch, but the water soon rose to the chamber's halfway mark where it swirled in small whirlpools.

Bruno put his arm around Joe's shoulders. His helper was a thin, elderly Slovak, who several years back had been injured in a roof-fall. The accident had left him with a bad set of nerves, and now he was sobbing like a child.

"Everything going to be all right, Joe," said Bruno. "Water soon go down to sump." He helped lower Joe to a sitting position.

Reynolds and Bruno stood side by side, their lamp beams playing on the water which now rose higher as the full force of the flood coursed through the gangway. Another two feet would bring it up to their boots; if it continued to rise there would be no escape.

Suddenly Bruno shouted, "Look—water going back down."

Reynolds could see the water was receding quickly, and decided the flood's force had been spent.

Then they heard the terrifying ripping of mine timbers.

"The gangway's caving!" Reynolds shouted. They stood pressed against the wall of coal, hearing the straining and groaning of the props. With loud sharp cracklings the timbers in the gangway gave way and tons of top-rock fell with a series of thuds.

Reynolds looked at Bruno, trying to hide his terror. "Force of the water must have washed out some wedges and loosened the props," he said. "Stay here with Joe while I go down and see if there's a space we can crawl through to get out of here."

As he felt his way through the cloud of dust left by the cave-in, again he heard the groaning of timbers, this time from the collar-props above him. The cave-in was spreading to the heading!

Something struck his head and shoulder, knocking off his helmet and lamp. He fell to the rocky floor and lay in darkness for a moment. Now he felt sharp pain where the chunk had struck him, and warm blood trickled down the side of his jaw.

He heard the splash of water and thought he felt a cool spray. A light shone in his face. It was Bruno, bending down to lift him. "Cave-in made opening in roof near face. Water coming in like anything," the Pole said, helping Reynolds to sit up.

Reynolds shook his head from side to side, trying to fight the dizziness. He played his lamp in the direction of the face and found the stream of water falling from a wide crack in the roof.

"Must be another pocket of Ridge-

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wood water above us," he said, raising his voice against the loud splash of the water. "We better get out of here fast. I don't like the looks of that roof."

Bruno hurried down to the gangway. He was back in a moment. "No place to crawl through," he reported, a tremor in his voice. "Cave-in piled all the way to the roof. Water coming in too."

Reynolds held his handkerchief to his head as Bruno helped him to his feet and down to the gangway. Thick black mud from the flood had mixed with the rubble of the cave-in and made a dam. Without the water they might have tried to dig their way out. Now, however, they must wait for the rescue crews and pray that they would come in time.

The throbbing in Reynold's head was now dying away to an empty giddiness and his shoulder had turned numb. He held out his hand for support and Bruno led him up to the face.

"The tracks," said Reynolds weakly. "Start hammering on the tracks and let them know we're still alive." He sat on the coal chunks next to Joe and faintly heard his prayers. It was time for them all to pray, he thought.

When the cave-in was discovered, the rescue party would listen for rail-tappings. However, it would take hours to dig away the debris and meantime the water would creep up to the dead end.

Bruno had found an old drill near the tracks and Reynolds heard the clang of steel on steel.

"Hammer on both rails, Bruno," shouted Reynolds. "In case one of them snapped during the cave-in." Both rails could have snapped, he knew. There was also the danger of suffocation; black damp formed quickly between an airtight cave-in and a dead end.

Playing his lamp down past the large labs of the roof-fall, he saw a reflection and guessed the progress of the water. About three more hours, he figured. The water would get to them before the black damp. If it had to be, he would have preferred the gas. It produced sleeping-away death.

Bruno's pounding ceased and he lay with his ear to the rail.

"I got answer," he said. "They tapping back to us."

"How strong is it?"

Bruno listened again. "Must be pretty far away," he said.

Reynolds tried to push himself up to his feet, but his arms and legs went limp and he fell back; with no helmet his head struck the wall of coal behind him and he lay on the floor at Joe's feet. He could see Bruno at the end of the tracks. The water was now only six feet or so from the face, and was forcing

(Continued on page 38)

"DAD...
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FOR CHRISTMAS,
PLEASE!"

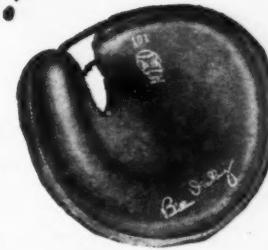


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Below—Print by Lois Slager, Senior High School, Findlay, Ohio, 1st prize—Scholastic Contest.



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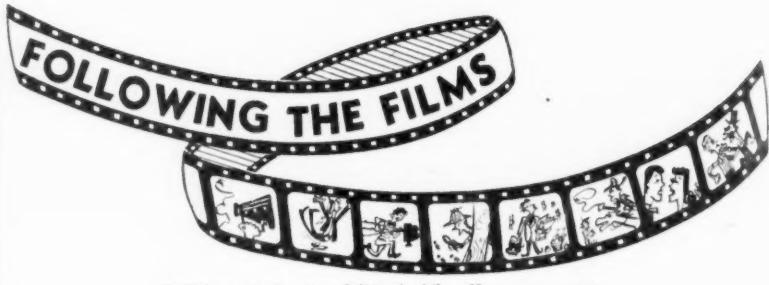
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• Tops, don't miss. • Worthwhile. • Save your money.

••• **JOAN OF ARC** (A Sierra Production. Produced by Walter Wanger. Directed by Victor Fleming. Released by RKO.)

Your Editors have chosen Sierra Pictures' *Joan of Arc* as their Movie-of-the-Month for November.

If you saw a film called *Miracle of the Bells* last year, you will recall that it was the story of a young actress who dies immediately after making her first motion picture. Although movie-goers see her but once on the screen, she is to be remembered as one of the great actresses of her time.

In Russell Janney's novel, on which the movie was based, he gives his heroine the leading role in a fictitious screenplay. However, the director of the film version pointed out that an actress, who is going to be immortal on the basis of one performance, must act in a role that movie audiences know requires an actress of top stature. He felt that there was one such feminine role—Joan of Arc. And so he had several scenes from the Joan legend written into *Miracle of the Bells* for Valli, who was playing the part of the actress.

If it is true that the role of Joan is the test of whether a good actress is a great actress, Ingrid Bergman here passes the test with flying colors.

In addition to her acting ability, she has that personal radiance and integrity that make her the ideal choice for this coveted role of the heroine-saint who has fascinated the playwrights of many centuries. If you were casting this screenplay and could have chosen any film actress in the world, whom would you have chosen? See what we mean? It almost seems as if Bergman were born to play Joan for our generation. It was only a matter of time before some screen writer recognized this and wrote a scenario of the Joan story—for her.

Scenario writers Maxwell Anderson and Andrew Solt are responsible for this new film version of the dramatic story of the Maid of Orleans. Their work is based in part upon Anderson's successful stage play, *Joan of Lorraine*, in which Ingrid Bergman starred two winters ago in New York.

Actually the film version is quite different from the Broadway production which used the device of a play-within-a-play. Here Anderson and Solt tell the story of Joan's last one and a half years on earth straight—a full-bodied historical pageant of those heroic and inspiring months.

The film opens in low-keyed technicolor in the small battle-charred town of Domremy in France. Joan, a 16-year-old peasant girl, hears "voices"



Joan of Arc (Ingrid Bergman) meets the generals of the French Army.

(which she believes come from God) directing her to drive the English enemy from France and crown the Dauphin in the cathedral at Rheims.

From here the action moves to the colorful and decadent court of the Dauphin, to the spectacular Battle of Orleans, then to the shining splendor of the coronation scene, finally to the barren prison cell where Joan is locked while she is being tried as a witch. The film is a vivid re-creation of a vivid era of pomp, heraldry—and martyrdom.

The initial scenes in Domremy are for us the weakest part of the film. Ingrid Bergman is less convincing as the humble peasant girl than she is when she dons a suit of silver armor to become the inspiration of the French army.

Possibly her natural bearing is too essentially graceful and queenly for a simple farm girl. Happily, she becomes wholly credible when her conviction takes complete hold of her and she embarks on her mission to save the Dauphin and France.

Other Fine Characterizations

José Ferrer, one of the greatest stage actors today, makes his screen debut in *Joan of Arc*. His portrayal of the weak Dauphin, the pawn of his scheming, corrupt courtiers, measures up in every respect to Bergman's performance.

Also outstanding in a fine cast is Francis J. Sullivan as Cauchon, the wicked Bishop of Beauvais responsible for sentencing Joan to burn at the stake. (You may remember his Jagers, the lawyer in *Great Expectations*.)

Mountains of research have gone into the recreation of the settings, costumes, props, and authentic details of historical events, and many studio departments deserve credit for the loving labors that have made this a fine, unforgettable film.

MOVIE CHECK LIST

✓ Tops, don't miss. ✓ Worthwhile.

✓ Save your money.

Drama: ✓ The Three Musketeers. ✓ The Red Shoes. ✓ Johnny Belinda. ✓ Kidnapped. ✓ The Snake Pit.

Comedy: ✓ Apartment for Peggy. ✓ The Paleface. ✓ Unfaithfully Yours. ✓ The Return of October.

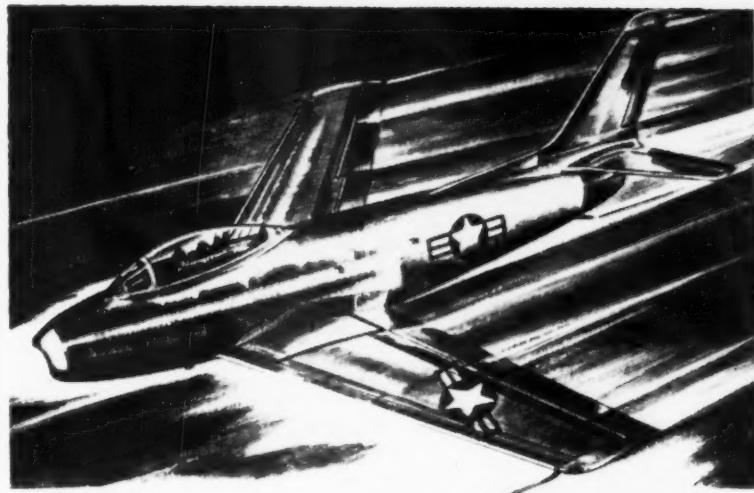
Western: ✓ Red River. ✓ Blood on the Moon.

Musical: ✓ A Song Is Born.

Documentary: ✓ The Secret Land. ✓ Louisiana Story. ✓ Olympic Games of 1948.

Scholastic Magazines
Movie of the Month

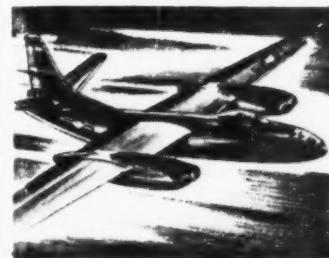
Movie of the Month
Seal for November is
awarded to *Joan of Arc*, an RKO release.



Planes need Pilots



CURTISS F-87
Jet Fighter



NORTH AMERICAN B-45
Jet-Powered Bomber



BOEING XB-47
Jet Bomber

You've heard and read a lot about push-button aircraft, remote-controlled flight, and planes without pilots. Experts agree that these are interesting and valuable experiments in the field of aviation.

But it doesn't mean that aviation has reached the point where flight will be automatic and where pilots won't be required. Planes need pilots today and will for a long time to come.

In fact, new aircraft such as the 600-miles-per-hour-plus North American F-86 fighter with swept-back wing, the North American four-jet B-45 bomber, and the Boeing six-jet XB-47 pictured on this page will need pilots with the best possible training.

Planes of the near future will be even faster but there'll be a well-trained, quick-thinking pilot in the cockpit. So you can go ahead safely and confidently in planning for your great future as a pilot.

For more information about your U. S. Air Force, write the Recruiting Publicity Bureau, Governors Island, New York, for the pamphlet, "Getting Up in the World of Aviation."



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| Art Academy of Cincinnati | New York Institute of Photography |
| Art Career School, New York City | New York School of Interior Decoration |
| Art Center Association School | Newark Academy of Arts |
| Art School of Detroit, Society of Arts and Crafts | New York-Phoenix School of Design |
| Art Students League of New York | Omaha Art School |
| Bradley Univ. College of Fine Arts | Parsons School of Design |
| Burnley School of Art and Design | Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts |
| California College of Arts and Crafts | Philadelphia Museum School of Industrial Art |
| California School of Fine Arts | Portland Museum Art School, Oregon |
| Carnegie Institute of Technology | Pratt Institute |
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| Chicago Academy of Fine Arts | Ringling School of Art |
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| Columbus Art School | St. Louis School of Fine Arts |
| Corcoran School of Art | San Antonio Art Institute |
| Fred Archer School of Photography | School of the Art Institute of Chicago |
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Best. ## Good. # Save Your Money.

LATE FLASH FROM HOLLYWOOD (stronghold of Capitol Records): Capitol announces the acquisition of the complete catalogue of Telefunken, a huge German recording firm.

Telefunken is said to have one of the outstanding classical collections in Europe, excellently recorded. The music of all European countries is represented. The masters are being flown out of Germany via the air-lift now.

This move gives Capitol a chance to step into the field of classical recordings—and the American public a chance to hear some wonderful music, hitherto unavailable in this country. Watch for the first releases.

* * *

Also in the same mail, we learn that Mercury Records has purchased the masters of the late Majestic Record Corporation. From now on, look for such favorites as Eddy Howard, Louis Prima, the Three Suns, Ray McKinley on the Mercury label.

* * *

And here's what some recent vicside listening turned up:

VOCALS

So Dear to My Heart (Capitol). Peggy Lee with Dave Barbour and orch. Not to be confused with *The Old Oaken Bucket*, this is the melodic title tune from Walt Disney's new film. Nicely romantic; nicely sung—with the usual tasteful backing by Dave Barbour and boys. Turn it over and you have *Love Your Spell Is Everywhere*, an oldie introduced by a guitar passage from Dave with Peggy Lee coming through sweet and solid on the lyrics.

Waiting at the Church (Columbia) Arthur Godfrey. A fairly funny Godfrey sketch of a gal who was left you know where—sung in what we presume is intended to be a Cockney accent. Flip-over, *Take 'Em to the Door*, a Billy Rose-Dave Henderson song, is equally fun to have on the shelf for parties.

Buttons and Bows (Capitol). Dinning Sisters with Art Van Damme Quintet. A novelty with a western setting—something of a cutie—from Bob Hope's new picture, *The Paleface*. Maybe the Dinning gals' warbling is a little too coy for best effect. Typical Dinning harmony on *San Antonio Rose* on the reverse with Carl Kress and orch accompanying.

INSTRUMENTAL

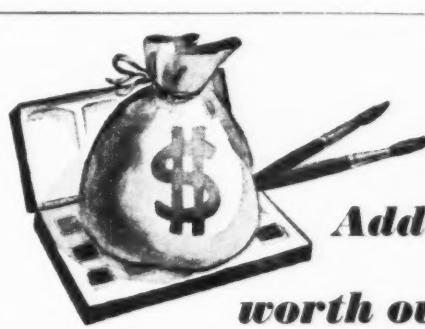
Cornish Rhapsody (Capitol). Skitch Henderson gives this popular classic a new piano treatment with orch backing him up. He does no damage to the original, and the result should make a very good platter for dancing. B-side, Gershwin's *Maybe*.

WESTERN

Cornbread and Butter Beans (Victor). Johnny Tyler and Riders of the Rio Grande. Amusing, nonsensical lyrics with a good beat and a nice folksy quality. We liked. B-side—*Little Rock A-R-K*.

The *Crawdad Song* (Capitol). Shug Fisher with Cliffie Stone and orch. Shug's novelty treatment (#)—consisting of a stutter—adds nothing to what is otherwise a good folk song (##). Other side, #*I Don't Know*, features Cliffie.

Jingle, Jangle, Jingle (Capitol). Tex Ritter brings a flat voice to what we always did think a mighty chipper 20th century western. ## Plus for the song; ## minus for Tex. Backing—a re-issue of one of Tex's best-sellers, *There's a New Moon Over Mt Shoulder*. We'd let bygones be bygones in this case.



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Strathmore Paper Company, West Springfield, Massachusetts

IT'S A DANCE, CHUM—not a final exam! Off with the long face and on with the bright smile. This is the wonderful occasion when the girls get a chance to dress and act like the fatal creatures they are in their dreams. And when a girl feels like a more winsome woman than Jeanne Crain, Norman C. Jones, who's squiring her to the big affair, becomes more than "just a date"—he's suddenly Tyrone Power, Montgomery Clift, and Gene Kelly all merged into one.

Really an opportunity! Better polish up your prom manners and get on the phone *now*—instead of the night before. It won't hurt your stock to let Carmel give you three weeks' advance build-up to her friends and relations.

Q. What does a girl do when she finds herself on the sidelines at a dance?

A. For one thing, she reminds herself that it's happened at least once to every girl who ever accepted an invitation to a prom—and it hasn't necessarily meant the beginning of a social decline. For another, she acts as if it were fairly natural—not the greatest tragedy since *Hamlet*—to be watching one waltz from the sidelines.

She can take advantage of the moment to step out to the powder room to repair her make-up (though if she wants to get back into circulation, she won't stay there for the next half hour). She can drop over to say "hello" to the piano player, or she can drop by to chat with the chaperones. These are all natural things to do; besides keeping her from looking marooned, they'll keep her from feeling marooned. We advise against joining another group of girls who are partnerless. We know it

BOY dates GIRL



Hiding behind a potted palm is not the cure for the Wallflower Blues.

feels better to share your misery, but a boy often finds it tougher to march up to a group of twelve gals who are all eyeing him hopefully than to approach one unattached girl.

Of course, if you're the girl who finds herself sitting out half the dances instead of an occasional one, that's another story. In such a case, a little self-examination may be in order. We'd suggest the following questions. (Answer four out of four.)

1. Am I well-groomed and attractively dressed, wearing the type of clothes that suit my personality?

2. Can I dance well enough to follow the lead of a variety of partners? Do I understand the fundamentals of the fox trot, the waltz, and at least one of the newer steps such as the rumba, the samba, or one of the variations on the jitterbug step?

3. Can I carry on a lively conversation with boys? Do I have something to say about sports, music, movies, and school activities? Or is the pause between dances the "pause that depresses" my partner?

4. Am I poised when with a group of people, so that I make a gay impression partner when Joe wants to join Carrie and Slam at the Lemonade Bar? Can I make an introduction with ease?

If you can't honestly answer "yes" to all four of these questions, you're promenading on thin ice. And unless you want to be part of the murals for the rest of your prom career, better do a little work on your weak points between now and next time.

(If you're the boy who has trouble in landing a date for the prom or who is weary of the "Sorry-the-next-dance-is-taken" brush-off on the dance floor, you, too, might take a look at the Big Four points in the quiz above.)

Q. Is it polite to cut in on the same girl more than once at a dance?

A. All depends. If you brought Karen to the prom, you're a really low-down

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SINCE 1880

THE INTERNATIONAL STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

by Gay Head

character if you give Jinks the enormous rush every other dance. Once you invite a girl to a party (even if she's not your first choice), it's up to you to devote your main attention to her. We're betting she's wearing her best dress for you.

If you're a stag, you can be a little freer in your attentions to Jinks. But be a good guy and allow her date an occasional twirl, too. Remember how you felt when Rad McKenzie swiped four of your six dances with Patty last summer — when you had paid \$2.40 for the prom ticket and three bucks for gardenias!

If the whole affair is a dateless dance, then cut away. If you can snare five dances with Jinks, more power to you. But don't give the boys who cut you out a dirty look. After all, you didn't buy Jinks' ticket this time!

Whenever and wherever you cut, remember that you cut in on Pete because you want to *dance* with Jinks. Dandy cuts in on you for the same reason. If you insist on cutting back on Dandy before he's taken two steps, you're not being a good sport. Let him finish his dance, and give Bud a turn before you come round again.

Q. None of our crowd seems to know how to treat chaperones at our school dances. Information please.

A. They should be treated as the guests they are — not like policemen which they aren't. They are entitled to a pleasant "hello," rather than a cold stare or a quick look in the other direction. This means *you* — not just the officers of your class or the prom committee. Every student at the dance should drop by to extend his personal greetings to all guests, to introduce himself and his date if he doesn't know the guests personally.

All guests will appreciate a short conversation with you, but they neither expect nor want you to spend the evening with them. To make sure guests are well taken care of throughout the evening, a smart prom committee sometimes appoints a different couple to talk, dance with, or otherwise entertain the guests for each dance. This is not supposed to eliminate free-lance friendliness — merely to provide in advance for any emergencies.

If you really want to make a hit with the teachers and parents who have

been kind enough to act as chaperones for your party, ask them to dance. Often as not, they'll decline. The asking is what counts. And don't be too sure Miss Beebe isn't a good dancer! What chance does she have to show you her rumba in algebra class? If you treat Miss Beebe as if she were human at your party, she may be more inclined to treat your shortcomings in her algebra class as human, too.

Q. I'm going to my first formal. What sort of evening wrap should a high school girl wear? Do I carry my evening bag with me all evening, or check it with my wrap?

A. If your sister or your mother has an evening wrap, short or long, fine. Wear it — unless it's too sophisticated

for you. If you haven't one, don't rush out to buy a wrap. The majority of both high school and college girls wear sports coats over their formal dresses.

Evening bags? Either check them with your coat or carry the sort you can sling over your wrist. Whatever you do — this is a special request from the boys — don't ask your date to lug luggage in his pocket all evening.

Q. Is it all right to ask a girl to dance if she's talking with another girl?

A. Of course. If the occasion is a dance, chances are nine to one she'd rather be dancing with you than talking with Peggy Ann at the moment. However, you'll be super-smooth if you round up one of your buddies to invite Peggy Ann to dance at the same time.

How to romance a ballet dancer



1. The first time you saw that beauteous ballerina in the gym, your heart did a pirouette. You may not be a worder of Terpsichore, but if you want to woo this little Miss, you need a good-looking Arrow Shirt, Tie, and Handkerchief.



2. While she explains the double-entre-chat, her eyes can take in the perfect Arrow Collar and neat Arrow Tie that compliment your features. No Nijinsky you; but, nevertheless, you wouldn't mind a couple of lessons if she plays teacher.



3. OUCH! This is tripping the light fantastic with the accent on tripping. Anyway, this unsuccessful lesson gives her a full view of your form-following Arrow Shirt. Now suggest a little dance-floor dancing for tonight.



4. Well! Seems this delightful danseuse has had enough dancing for today. Now she wants to sit them out. Who's complaining? MORAL: Dancing or romancing, keep on your toes with Arrow Shirts, Ties, Handkerchiefs. Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

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REGIONAL PROGRAMS

There are sixteen regional programs this year. Students in areas where newspapers sponsor regional programs are offered the possibility of winning local prizes and honors as well as national awards. Newspapers sponsoring such programs for the first time this year are: *The Cleveland (Ohio) News*, *The Denver (Colorado) Post*, *The Jacksonville (Florida) Journal*, *The New Orleans (Louisiana) States*, *The Peoria (Illinois) Star* and *The Seattle (Washington) Post-Intelligencer*.

In addition, the following newspapers are continuing to sponsor regional Awards programs in their areas: *The Albany (New York) Knickerbocker News*, *The Binghamton (New York) Press*, *The Birmingham (Alabama) Post*, *The Detroit (Michigan) News*, *The Hartford (Connecticut) Courant*, *The Newark (New Jersey) News*, *The Newport News (Virginia) Times-Herald*, *The Pittsburgh (Pennsylvania) Press*, *The St. Louis (Missouri) Star-Times*, and *The Washington (D. C.) Star*.

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SPORTS

Short Shots

EVER notice how few pro football games are lost by a single point? The reason is simple — every team has a guy who specializes in kicking points after touchdown. Most of them don't do anything else. That's why they are so good at it.

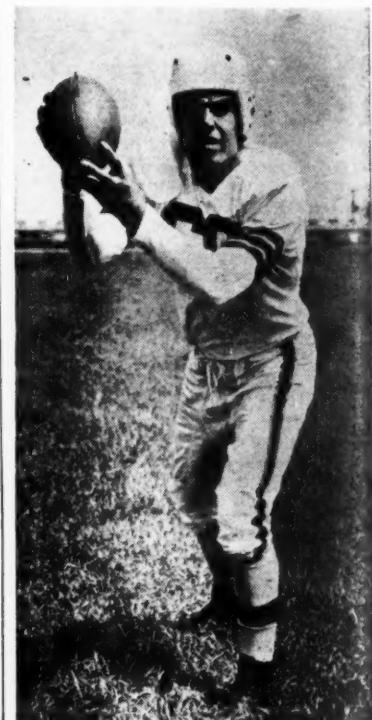
Take Harvey Johnson, of the N. Y. Yankees, for instance. Last time we looked, Harvey had booted 54 extra points in a row!

Then there's Ben Agajanian, of the Los Angeles Dons. Before missing a try in 1946, Ben had plunked 115 straight between the uprights.

Alex Groza, of the Cleveland Browns, is another famous dead-eye dick. Alex led the All-American Conference in scoring in 1946 without carrying the ball once or making a single touchdown. He booted 45 extra points and 13 field goals.

Pat Harder, fullback and point kicker for the Chicago Cardinals, almost wore his toe out last month. On October 16, he booted eight extra points and on the following Sunday he put seven over the bar.

Who would you say is the greater quarterback, Sid Luckman or Otto



Pennsylvania Rubber Co.
Otto (The Arm) Graham, sparkplug of the Cleveland Browns pro champions.

Graham? A couple of kids around my block almost got into a fist-fight the other day arguing about it. They asked me to act as judge. After slipping on a catcher's mask, I said:

"In his prime, Luckman was the greatest I ever saw. Right now, however, you'd have to give Graham the edge. Otto is younger, faster, a better ball-carrier, and more durable. Both are marvelous ball-handlers and passers. But Luckman, being over 30, has slipped a bit. He no longer is the all-around threat he used to be and which Graham still is."

Right after the third game of the world series, I received a note from Jimmie Smith, of Hot Springs (Ark.) High School. He wrote: "Two out of the three winning pitchers so far come from Arkansas. They are Johnny Sain, from Pine Bluff, and Gene Bearden, from Lixa. Pretty good for one state, don't you think?"

Here is *The Sporting News*' All-Star Baseball Team for 1948—the closest thing to an "official" team there is. *Infield*—Mize, Gordon, Elliott, and Boudreau. *Outfield*—Musial, Williams, and DiMaggio. *Catcher*—Tebbetts. *Pitchers*—Sain and Lemon. (DiMaggio is the

first player in the 24-year history of this team to be picked eight times.)

The Sporting News' all-star club differs from mine (see October 13th issue) in only two spots. I picked Pafko instead of Elliott, and Cooper instead of Tebbetts. I probably was wrong about Cooper. Pafko, I still like. I think his .314 batting average with a last-place club rated him a spot on the all-star club. Especially when you remember he hit 26 homers and batted in 100 runs.

Cellar dirt. Only one big league club (Detroit) has never wound up in the cellar. Here are the number of times each club has finished last:

American League	National League
Detroit	0
Cleveland	1
New York	2
Chicago	4
Washington	5
St. Louis	8
Boston	10
Philadelphia	16
Brooklyn	1
Chicago	2
Pittsburgh	2
New York	4
St. Louis	5
Cincinnati	8
Boston	9
Philadelphia	18

If Allen Gettel, White Sox pitcher, slits his throat one of these days—this will tell you why. Allen was in the Yankee farm system for years. In 1943 he was due to come up to the club.

Instead he was sold to the Phils. So he missed playing on a pennant winner. *

Allen then wandered back into the Yankee chain and was with the club in 1945 and 1946—when the Yanks didn't cop the pennant. In 1947 he was traded to Cleveland—and the Yanks popped up with a winner. The final blow came early in 1948, when the Indians sold Gettel to the White Sox. Strike three!

—HERMAN L. MASIN, *Sports Editor*

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Fury in the Fifth Level

(Continued from page 29)

Bruno to retreat. He had lain there stunned for better than an hour, he guessed. He felt the nauseating sensation of floating into space.

He tried to keep his senses aware, and the harsh pounding helped him hang on. He counted the strokes as the notes rang out.

One . . . two . . . three . . . four, he counted. A pause. Then: One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . Another pause. One . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . five . . . six. Each group of

strokes was increasing by one. There would be seven in the next, he guessed. He counted seven, anticipating the pause following. And now eight would be coming up. It was his near-delirium, he decided, that made the strokes fall into this curious group pattern. Or else Bruno was playing games. Perhaps he had cracked under the strain. Now he himself was sinking, floating off into darkness . . .

He opened his eyes and saw the whitewashed ceiling of a shanty. He tried to sit up, but a sharp pain shot through his head and shoulder and he fell back to the soft comfort of the cot.

He heard voices. Bruno was explaining to Dan McMahon, colliery superintendent, how the scraps of food he'd put out for the rats remained untouched three days before the flood. It was strange—Bruno talking about the rats and not a single guffaw coming from the men grouped around him.

McMahon came to his side. Griffiths also stood there, a smile on his boyish-looking face.

"Take it easy, Jim," said McMahon. "Don't try to talk. Doc Benson taped your head and shoulder when we got you down here. He thinks you're okay, but he wants to take you to the hospital for a checkup. In about an hour, when the foot of the shaft is cleared of water, we'll take you up."

Reynolds smiled weakly, feeling the bandages wrapped tightly under his jaw.

"Don't worry about a thing," McMahon continued. "Everyone got safely out of the way of the flood, thanks to you and Griffiths. Bruno's helper has a bad case of nerves, but rest will fix him up.

"Never liked that Ridgewood company. Imagine them mining clear through the boundary pillar like that. That was smart of you to detect it from the maps, Jim. And clever of you to have Bruno tap out a message to let us know exactly where you were. For a while we didn't get wise and kept following the rail, clearing up the cave-in as we went along. We couldn't figure out why you kept tapping one-to-ten repeatedly. Finally it dawned on us that you were trying to send us a number. We answered with the same one-to-ten count and then we heard you tap out the number five - two - seven - four. It didn't mean a thing to me, but Griffiths ran to a shanty, brought back a map and pointed to the surveyors' station number 5-274. Knowing exactly where you were trapped, we figured out the shortest way to get to you and broke in on you from an airway running close to your heading. We got there just in time. The water was up over your knees. Bruno was holding both you and Joe propped against the face. Another half hour . . ."

Reynolds looked for Bruno and found him at the foot of the cot, smiling, stroking his mustache with blackened fingers. Reynolds smiled as best his bandages would allow. Later he would straighten them out on who had been the "clever" one. Right now, he wanted to rest till it was time to be taken to the foot of the shaft.

Definitions

A synonym is a word you use when you can't spell the other one.

A fjord is a Swedish automobile.

"A Treasury of Laughs"

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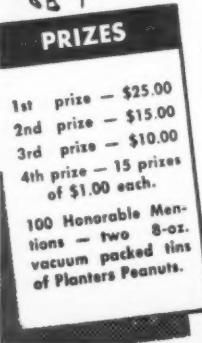


There was a star half-back named Green
Who was quick to run out of steam.
To Planters he was led
And on crisp peanuts fed

PLANTERS PEANUTS CONTEST RULES READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY

1. Anyone under the age of twenty-one may compete.
2. Study the scene above and list on a sheet of paper ten mistakes you find in it. State each carefully and clearly. With your list submit a last line to the above limerick.
3. Each contestant may submit more than one entry. Send empty Planters bag or wrapper bearing a picture of Mr. Peanut with each entry, or send a hand-drawn facsimile of the label showing Mr. Peanut. On top of page write your name, age, home address, city and state. Fasten the bag, wrapper or picture to your entry.
4. Mail entries to Planters Contest Editor, Room 700, 7 East 12th St., New York 3, N. Y., to arrive by midnight January 31, 1949. No entries accepted after that date.
5. Prizes will be awarded to those submitting correct list of 10 mistakes in the picture, and whose limericks are considered best by the judges.

The judges' decision is final. Winners will be announced in the issue of this magazine of March 6, 1949. In the event of a tie for any prize offered, a prize identical with that tied for will be awarded each tying contestant.





Might Be Worse

"What do you think of our two candidates for mayor?"

"Well, I'm glad only one can be elected."

The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest

Ode to Woman

O lovely maiden! O shining star!
O slave of every ten-cent jar.

Jackson Journal

Fact-Finding

"It's the little things in life that tell," said the co-ed, as she yanked her kid brother from under the sofa.

Canadian High News

Request

Teacher (Impatiently): "When those boys in the rear finish flirting with the girls, I hope they will give me a chance."

Canadian High News

The Raucous Voice

Finnish Composer Jan Sibelius was walking in the forest with a friend. It was a balmy spring day and the birds were singing in the trees.

Sibelius, who had spent many happy hours in the woods, identified the birds for his companion by their chirping. Suddenly the forest symphony was interrupted by the harsh "Caw, caw" of a crow.

"What bird is that?" asked the composer's companion.

"That," replied Sibelius disgustedly, "is a critic."

W. E. Golden, in "Magazine Digest"

Sharp Tongue

Chemistry Professor: "Jones, what does HNO_3 signify?"

Jones: "Well, ah, er—I've got it right on the tip of my tongue, sir."

Chemistry Professor: "Well, you'd better spit it out. It's nitric acid."

The Public Speaker's Treasure Chest

Straight Talk

A fellow who spent the winter in a small Vermont town bought his groceries from one of the crustiest old general-store keepers in the state. Once he got some breakfast cereal that must have been stored next to the kerosene; it smelled to high heaven. He took it back and said, "We can't use this. It's contaminated."

The storekeeper squinted. "What was that word again?"

"I said it was contaminated."

"Hmph. Talk plain, mister—that's one of them out-of-town words."

This Week

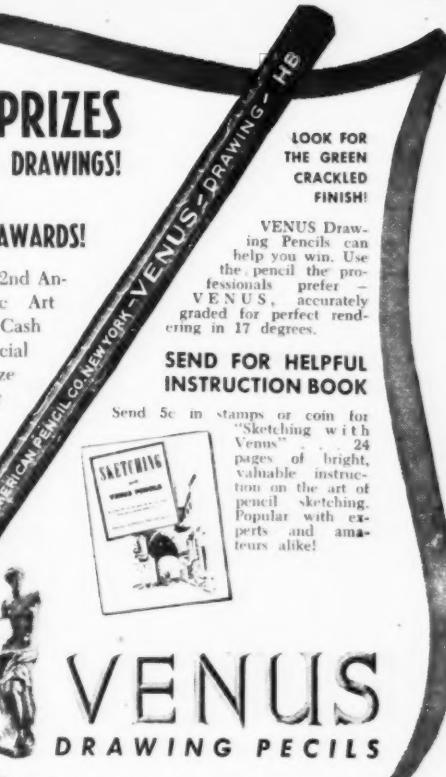
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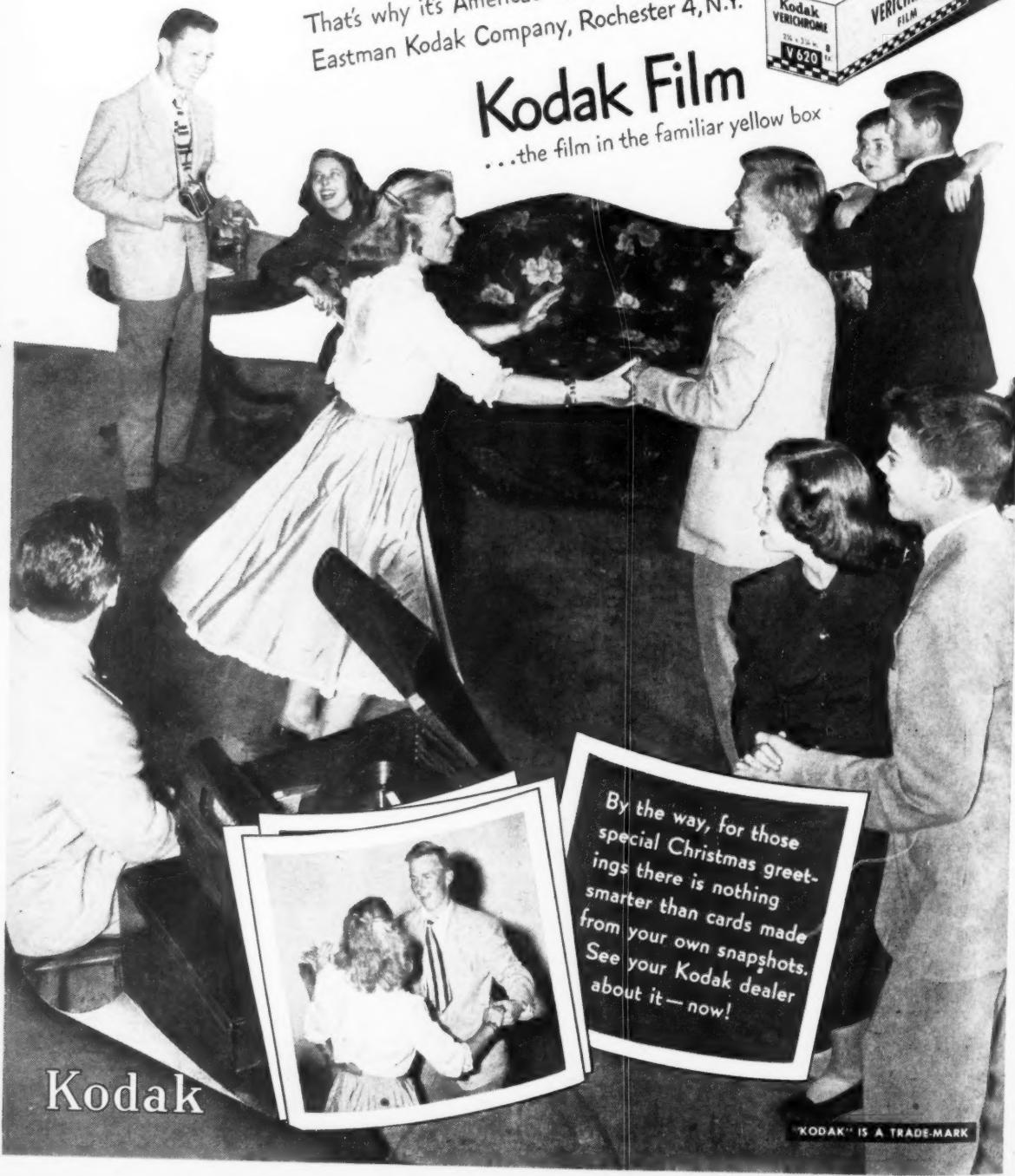
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Conservation

December 1 in *Senior Scholastic* and *World Week*

This year's *New York Herald Tribune* Forum was devoted to "Our Imperiled Resources," and the first session dealt particularly with soil conservation. Complete text of the forum addresses and discussions is printed in a special supplement of the *Herald Tribune* for Oct. 24, 1948. In addition, an invaluable discussion guide is available free. Write to *Herald Tribune* Forum Information Service, 230 W. 41st St., N. Y. 18.

MAP: The Soil Conservation Service, Dept. of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., has available free a large four-color map of soil erosion in the United States. It enables students to see conditions in their own areas, as related to other sections of the country.

PAMPHLET: *Soil Conservation: An International Study*, U. N. Food and Agriculture Organization (Columbia University Press, '48), \$2.

ARTICLES: "Prodigal Agriculture Can't Feed the World," H. F. Pringle, *Saturday Evening Post*, Sept. 11, '48. "Country That Can Feed the World," F. Osborn, *Atlantic Monthly*, Apr. '48. "How Rich Is America?" *Senior Scholastic*, Apr. 28, '47. "Light Breaks Through," *Nature*, June, '48. "Too Many People," C. L. Walker, *Harper's*, Feb. '48. "To the West, Water Is Life and Death," R. L. Neuberger, *New York Times Magazine*, Oct. 24, '48.

BOOKS: *Our Plundered Planet*, Fairfield Osborn (Little, Brown, '48) \$2.50. *Road to Survival*, William Vogt (Sloane, '48) \$4. *Malabar Farm*, Louis Bromfield (Harper, '48) \$3. *Deserts on the March*, Paul Sears (U. of Oklahoma, '47) \$2.75. *Across the Wide Missouri*, Bernard De Voto (Little, Brown, '47) \$2.75. *Plowman's Folly*, E. H. Faulkner (Grosset and Dunlap, '45) \$1. *Conservation of Natural Resources*, G. T. Renner (Wiley, '42) \$3.25.

FILMS and FILMSTRIPS: Discussed in last week's *Tools for Teachers*.

U. S. Trustee Islands

December 1 in *Senior Scholastic*

PAMPHLETS: *The Islands of the Far Pacific* (Army Talk No. 244) Dept. of the Army, Washington 25, D. C. *Skyways of the Pacific*, W. B. Gibson (IPR pamphlet No. 27, '47) Am. Institute of Pacific Relations, 1 E. 54th St., N. Y. 22, 30 cents. *Trusteeship in the Pacific*, F. M. Brewer (Vol. 1, No. 17, '45) Editorial Research Reports, 1013 13th St., NW, Washington 5, D. C., 75 cents to libraries. *The U. S. and Non-Self-Governing Territories* (Dept. of State Publication 2812) U. S. Govt. Printing Office, Washington 25, D. C., 30 cents.

ARTICLES: "The U. S. Trust Territory of the Pacific Islands," *Journal of Geography*, Oct. '48. "Pacific Wards of Uncle Sam," W. R. Moore, *National Geographic Magazine*, July '48. "Why the Navy Needs Aspirin," J. P. Marquand, *Harper's*, Aug. '47. "U. S. Expansion Across the Pacific," *United States News*, Apr. 18, '47.

BOOKS: *Ocean Outposts*, H. Follett (Scribner '42), \$2.75. *Native Peoples of the Pacific World*, F. M. Kessing (Macmillan, '45) \$3. *Pacific World*, F. Osborn (Norton '44) \$3.50. *Pacific Islands Handbook*, R. W. Robson (Macmillan '45) \$4. *Japan's Islands of Mystery*, W. Price (Day '44) \$3.

Inflation Strikes Our Cities

December 15 in *World Week*

ARTICLES: "Sharp Rise in State, City Taxes," *U. S. News and World Report*, Sept. 10, '48; "The Financial Plight of Our Cities," *American Mercury*, Jan. '48; "Your City Can Be Run Well," *Nation's Business*, May '48; "Big Business of Local Government To Become Still Bigger," *American City*, June '48; "Small City Studies Needed Improvements and How To Finance Them: Summit, N. J.," *American City*, June '48.

BOOKS: *Living in Our Communities*, Krug and Quillen (Scott, Foresman & Co., '46), Ch. 15, "How We Pay for Government."

FILMSTRIP: *By and for the People*, Prod. Curriculum Films. Dist. Jam Handy Organization, 2900 E. Grand Blvd., Detroit 11, Mich. Silent, color, 33 fr. Sale.

FILM: *Pennsylvania Local Government in Action*. Prod. dist. Pennsylvania State College, State College, Pa. Sound b&w. 22 min. Loan.

Martinique

December 8 in *Junior Scholastic*

PAMPHLETS: *Around the Caribbean*, by Nora Burglon, T. Glazer, and E. Phillips (40c), New World Neighbors Series (Heath, 1941). *Martinique* (free), 1944, French Embassy, Information Division, 610 Fifth Avenue, N. Y., N. Y.

ARTICLES: "Colorful Paths in Martinique and Guadeloupe," *National Geographic*, March 1948. "Martinique, Caribbean Question Mark," *National Geographic*, Jan. 1941. "Siren Song of Martinique," *Travel*, March 1945.

BOOKS: *Islands on Guard* (p. 90-113), \$2.50. (Scribner, 1943); *Black Martinique, Red Guiana*, Nicol Smith, \$3.50. (Bobbs, 1942); *French in the West Indies*, Walter A. Roberts, \$3 (Bobbs, 1942).

FILMS: *Islands of the West Indies*; Prod. Columbia; Dist. Teaching Film Custodians, Inc., 25 W. 43d St., N. Y. 18, N. Y.; sound, black-and-white, 11 minutes; rent (rates vary). *West Indies* (Caribbean Region-I); Prod. and Dist. Encyclopedia Britannica Films, Inc., Wilmette, Ill.; sound, black-and-white, 10 minutes; rent or sale.

Introductions

December 1 in *Practical English*

FILMS: *Are You Popular?* Prod. and dist. Coronet Instructional Films, Coronet Bldg., Chicago 1, Ill. Sound. Color or b&w. 10 min. Sale or rent. Teen-age problems of social behavior illustrated clearly and completely. *Charm and Personality Plus Character*. Sound. Color, 37 min. Sale or rent. Warren's Motion Pictures, Box 107, Dayton 1, Ohio. Motivates and illustrates good looks, good manners, good character—and tells how to acquire these traits. *Introductions*. Prod. and dist. Simmel-Meservey, Inc. Sound. b&w. 10 min. Sale. Presents situations requiring proper introductions and courtesies—in home, business, school, party, etc.

BOOKS and BOOKLETS: *Your Best Foot Forward*, by Dorothy C. Stratton and Helen B. Schleman, Whittlesey House, 1940, \$2. *Boy dates Girl Question-and-Answer Book*, by Gay Head, Scholastic Book Shop, 7 East 12th Street, New York 3. 25c a copy; in groups of 10 or more, 15c ea.

Off the Press

Atomic Energy, by Karl K. Darrow. John Wiley & Sons, 1948. 80 pp., \$2.

When the first atomic bomb exploded in the desert of New Mexico its impact was so devastating that a military policeman is said to have shouted, "My God, it's got away from the longhairs!" Since that time scientists and some laymen have given part of their time to explaining how matter is capable of turning into something new and strange and fiery."

Dr. Darrow, a noted physicist who is at present associated with the Bell Telephone Laboratories, helped to clarify atomic energy for laymen in four lectures at Northwestern University. Their publication in book form will be helpful to teachers with some knowledge of physics and nuclear energy. The lectures include explanations of the atom's structure, the nuclear theory, isotopes, transmutation, chain reaction, radioactivity, and other aspects of atomic energy.

Politics in the Empire State, by Warren Moscow. Knopf, 1948. 238 pp., \$3.

Warren Moscow, a political reporter for the *New York Times*, has brought twenty years of on-the-job training to the task of clarifying the ins and outs of New York State government. His contribution is not in the muckraking tradition. He has reached back into history to the post-Civil War depredations of Boss Tweed, drawn comparisons with government in other states, and discussed in a non-partisan spirit the contemporary scene and the administration of Thomas E. Dewey.

Secondary school teachers of government and problems in democracy will want to refer their pupils to the chapters on "The Vote-Getters," "The Machines," and "The Cities and the State." The Empire State's political story is not so unique that it will not afford a clearer view of state politics elsewhere in the nation.

The Development of Southern Sectionalism 1819-1848, by Charles S. Sydnor. Louisiana State University Press, 1948. 400 pp., \$6.

A group History of the South is being sponsored by Louisiana State University and the trustees of Major George W. Littlefield who left funds for a "full and impartial study of the South and its part in American history." Last year *The South During Reconstruction 1865-1877* appeared as one of the ten-volume series. The present volume carries on

the standard of thorough, objective scholarship set by E. Merton Coulter, professor of history at the University of Georgia.

In tracing the development of Southern sectionalism Professor Sydnor of Duke University seeks neither to defend nor condemn its emergence. He has searched for causes. In studying the relations of the South with the Federal government he has given new meanings to such familiar subjects as McCulloch v. Maryland, nullification, Indian removal from Georgia, and the legal defenses of slavery. These are examined in the light of economic and political as well as of constitutional history. Professor Sydnor's findings are well-written, carefully documented, and a major contribution to American history.

Crossroads of America. The Story of Kansas City, by Darrell Garwood. Norton, 1948. 331 pp., \$4.

It may come as a surprise, even to Hollywood producers of Westerns, that Jesse James lived for periods of several months in Kansas City where "he sometimes played cards of an evening with a member of the police force, and that he once was forced to beg off when asked to join a posse in his own pursuit." This excerpt is representative of the thoroughness with which Darrell Garwood has mined written and oral sources for his study of personalities and events in Kansas City's hundred-year history.

Garwood, a Midwestern journalist, has reported in sympathetic fashion the bloody story of Kansas City's early struggles, its commercial development, and the politics which fostered the growth of the Pendleton machine. The connection between vice and politics does not make a pretty story for young readers, but it will provide a fund of information for teachers of American history.

The Miraculous Birth of Language, by Richard A. Wilson. Philosophical Library, 1948. 256 pp., \$3.75.

Language is something we take for granted. That its origins and development present an enormous field of scientific investigation is evident in this brief, semi-technical inquiry by R. A. Wilson, professor emeritus of the University of Saskatchewan.

Various theories as to the origins of language are critically examined. Much is made of the vital transition from oral speech to "some kind of space symbols,

written speech as we now call it, that would crystallize and hold the vanishing stream of oral speech."

The volume will be of special interest to English and speech teachers, and to all writers if the recommendation in George Bernard Shaw's long preface is followed. Mr. Shaw, incidentally, is thoroughly disgusted with the English language and is willing to risk a civil war on behalf of fundamental change. In his opinion, "The waste of war is negligible in comparison to the daily waste of trying to communicate with one another in English through an alphabet with sixteen letters missing."

The American School and University, 1948-49. Twentieth Annual Edition. American School Publishing Corp., 470 Fourth Ave., N. Y. 16. 1948. 730 pp., \$4.

Mounting construction costs have caused school systems to proceed cautiously in new building and repair of old plants. Therefore, boards of education and officials who hold the purse strings will want to familiarize themselves with this year book devoted to the design, construction, equipment, utilization, and maintenance of educational buildings and grounds.

The volume includes articles on school building problems which range from "The Evolution of the School Building," by N. L. Engelhardt, to "Cermicidal Light in Classrooms," by Isadore Rosenfield. More than half the yearbook is devoted to the discussion of building products and services, including flagpoles, roofing, glass block, flooring, electrical equipment, heating, and ventilation.

Our Lives. American Labor Stories, edited by Joseph Gaer. Boni & Gaer, 1948. 315 pp., \$3.

Many of our serious writers have drawn unforgettable pictures of American workers, both with white collars and in the factory and field. Excerpts from these writings have been collected by Joseph Gaer, best known for the pamphlets which he wrote and edited for the CIO Political Action Committee. Work from 32 authors, arranged alphabetically from Sherwood Anderson through Thomas Wolfe, includes Erskine Caldwell, Theodore Dreiser, O. Henry, Jack London, and lesser known novelists with a leftward slant. It is not likely that senior high school students who read "The Fertilizer Works," excerpted from *The Jungle*, by Upton Sinclair, or "The Company," taken from *You Can't Go Home Again*, by Thomas Wolfe, will forget how some people make a living.

HOWARD L. HURWITZ

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SCHOLASTIC

Teacher

EDITION

Practical English

NOVEMBER 17, 1948

Teaching Aids for This Issue

Editorial—Jane Froman (p. 5)

Teachers have suggested that students need to realize that they can overcome handicaps. The story of Jane Froman is a classic example of someone who has overcome a major physical handicap.

Book Revue (p. 7)

The story, "Yes, Your Honesty," on page 12 of this issue is a chapter in the best seller, *Anything Can Happen*, by George and Helen Papashvily. The book is used to explain how to organize a cooperative book-review project.

GUIDE FOR LESSON PLAN

Aims

To show how to prepare and deliver a cooperative book review; to make book reviews more fun.

Check-test Questions

Whether you're in school or in the business world, you frequently give oral reports. Prove that this is so. What are the three essentials of any report? (Organize your thoughts; express yourself well; use critical judgment.) What makes a good beginning for an oral book report? (Some intriguing part of the story or some startling fact.) How does the chairman begin a cooperative book review? (By telling some of the story; by telling the name of the book and the author; and then by calling on his various experts to help him.) What should the chairman do after his experts report? (Consider the book as a whole.) How much of the plot should the chairman tell? (Just enough to whet the audience's appetite.) What questions can the expert on characters use to guide his discussion? The expert on plot and problems? The expert on style? What facts should be told about the author?

Note to Teachers

1. Slow students will benefit by practice (in class) in using the cooperative

book-review method. For the first practice, use a book that the whole class has read. Working as a class, discuss suitable introductions for the report; consider possible guide questions and appropriate answers for each of the experts—the chairman, experts on characters, setting, plot, etc. Discuss where facts about the author may be found.

Divide class into committees. Let each committee work on the cooperative book report. The teacher moves from group to group, helping with problems.

2. If you have slow students who have difficulty giving individual book reports, try this project. Each student chooses a book and brings it to class on Monday. Students read in class. Assignment: Look up the author. On Tuesday, students make brief reports on one character that they've liked thus far. Assignment: Continue reading book. On Wednesday, students tell the most interesting incident thus far. On Thursday, they outline the general plot of the story (guide on the blackboard). On Friday, students write a book report and a brief paragraph appraising book (guide on blackboard). At end of period, students tell each other which of the books they'd like to read. They also exchange books.

3. If you have trouble finding time for oral book reports, try this plan. Appoint a book report chairman to put a schedule on the blackboard of when each student will be expected to review a book. Start each class with a five-minute oral book review. Have a board of experts grade the student reviewers and make comments. Have each student keep a page in his notebook containing a list of books recommended by student reviewers. The teacher uses the five-minute book-review period to take class roll and to do other routine work.

Dear Joe (p. 9)

Julie discusses how students treat school property.

Discussion Questions

What is one big reason why school property at Julie's school is "run down"? How does putting initials on school desks handicap students in getting their school work? What impression do visitors get of a school where there are a lot of pranks and misbehavior? Who really foots the bill for school property—desks, windows, text books, etc.?

Student Activities

1. Make a list of things students in your school do to misuse school property. After each item, suggest how students can tactfully be persuaded to take better care of school property.

2. Organize a poster campaign or a blackboard-announcement campaign to encourage students to keep the school clean and to take good care of desks, books, etc. If you have a public address system, you might organize a series of radio skits showing why it's to students' disadvantage to mistreat school property. (Wasting paper hand towels in the washroom means that often there are no towels when you want them.)

3. Discuss the various ways in which students mistreat library books and magazines (cutting out pictures, dropping books and breaking the bindings, etc.).

Library Review Lesson (p. 10)

This lesson is especially prepared to help students view the material in the library series as a "whole." This purpose is best accomplished as an open-book lesson in which students look up the answers to the questions by referring to the individual articles in the series. A class discussion follows the reading of the correct answers.

Letter Perfect (p. 15)

Aim

To show how to answer a letter requesting information.

What rules are given for answering a letter requesting information? (Explain each.) The first sentence of your letter

Coming — Next Three Issues

Next Week—No Issue (Thanksgiving Holidays)

December 1, 1948

Major article: Introductions and social conversation.
 "How to —" Series: Tell a story or anecdote.
 Critical Judgment Series, No. 9: The Movie Cameraman.
 Letter Perfect: Letters of order.
 Reading Series: Studying; quizzes.
 Dear Joe — from Jane: Making friends.
 Practice Makes Perfect: Grammar, spelling, usage, pronunciation, etc.

December 8, 1948

Major article: Dining at a restaurant.
 "How to —" Series: Pronounce foreign words (often found on menus).
 Critical Judgment Series, No. 10: Music for the movies.
 Letter Perfect: Writing and answering letters of complaint.
 Reading Series: Critical reading; quizzes.
 Dear Joe — from Jerry: Table manners.
 Practice Makes Perfect: Grammar, spelling, punctuation, crossword puzzle.

December 15, 1948

Major article: Planning a party.
 "How to —" Series: Play word games.
 Critical Judgment Series, No. 11: Editing the film.
 Letter Perfect: Letters of invitation, acceptance, regret; thank-you notes.
 Reading Series: Facts and opinion; quizzes.
 Dear Joe — from Julie: School assembly manners.
 Practice Makes Perfect: Grammar, spelling, usage, Christmas crossword puzzle.

should headline positive action. What does this mean? What is a strikeover?

Television Jobs (p. 18)

Aims

To make students aware of the possibilities of careers in new fields by pointing out coming opportunities in television; to emphasize that most students yearn for glamorous jobs, but many will eventually choose everyday jobs in their hometowns.

Check-test Questions

Why won't most of the current applicants find jobs in television immediately? Where did most present television workers receive their experience? What school subjects would be helpful for students wanting careers in television? Describe the work of a television cameraman.

Answers to Library Review Quiz (p. 10)

Quiet Please: 1-F (. . . every non-fiction book . . .); 2-F (. . . for the "S" section . . .); 3-T; 4-F (. . . would be filed under 546 in the pamphlet file); 5-F (the January 1945 issue of *Etude* would be kept in a separate supply room).

It's in the Cards: 1-subject; Yates (the author); *Atom Smashers* (the title). 2-

541.2-Y 3-author; publisher. 4-*Atom Smashers: A Story of Discovery*. 5-The book contains 182 pages, including illustrations. 6-1945.

Shoes and Ships and Sealing Wax: 1-c, 2-b, 3-c, 4-b, 5-c, 6-b, 7-a, 8-c.

Magazines: Mountains or Molehills? A. 1c, 2-b, 3-f. B. An article entitled "Embraced Wilderness" will be found in the *Saturday Evening Post* (volume 221), on pages 22 and 23 of the September 25, 1948, issue.

Worlds of Information: 1-front; 2-1947; 3-gazetteer; 4-either *area* or *population* — or both — is correct; 5-any two of these are correct — *crosses*, *rainfall*, *climate*.

Meet the People: 1-c, 2-c, 3-c, 4-a, 5-b, 6-c.

In Other Words . . .: 1-gazebos; 2-gape, stare, glare, glower, peer, gloat; 3-Geology; 4-GE AN ti cline, GE AN ti CLI nal; 5-It is a French word which comes from the Italian word *gazzetta*; 6-It directs you to look up *geo* and *anticlinal*; 7-Two, noun and transitive verb; 8-To one of the three official papers of Great Britain, containing lists of honors, public notices, etc.

That's the Last Word: 1-T; 2-T; 3-F (The body of the book carries only foreign words which are now part of our language; others are included in a special appendix); 4-T; 5-F (The original edition contains complex classifications which make it mandatory first to check the index for every word; a newer, smaller edition has a simplified dictionary set-up); 6-F (*Crabbe's*

explains the differences among all synonyms listed; The *Thesaurus* merely lists synonyms); 7-F (Webster's defines synonyms; Allen's omits definitions).

Answers to "Test Your Reading Skill" (p. 16)

Yes, Your Honesty: 1 (a) Giorgi felt that "it showed more respect" to give a bouquet which had cost money. 2 (a) No; he told Giorgi that the judge would probably listen and try to understand him. But he added that the judge might be mean and inattentive, in which case he should simply pay the fine without arguing. 3 (a) He felt it was just as much of a lie to say that you're guilty when you're innocent as to plead innocent if you're really guilty. 4 (a) In his sincerity, he answered that he had killed hundreds of men and that he had once struck a man (and qualified and explained both statements only after further questioning).

Answers to "Tips on Reading" (p. 16)

Eight kinds of people: explorers, fur traders, hunters, soldiers, officers, surveyors, agents, pioneers; 30-40 seconds.

Answers to "Practice Makes Perfect" (pp. 19-22)

Watch Your Language: 1-with; 2-to; 3-on; 4-among; 5-for; 6-to; 7-to; 8-to; 9-for; 10-about, with; 11-for; 12-in; 13-to; 14-with; 15-with; 16-at; 17-with; 18-to; 19-of; 20-about.

Are You Spellbound: 1-W, disastrous; 2-C; 3-W, tremendous; 4-W, library; 5-W, mischievous; 6-W, laboratory; 7-W, secretary; 8-C; 9-W, government; 10-W, hindrance.

Sign Language: 1-Rockies (comma) Appalachians (comma); 2-Men (comma) women (comma) children (comma); 3-are (comma); 4-hay (comma) cows (comma); 5-dahlias (comma) roses (comma) chrysanthemums (comma); 6-Dad (comma) brother (comma); 7-eat (comma) talk (comma); 8-generals (comma) lieutenants (comma) majors (comma) captains (comma); 9-salad (comma) fish (comma) butter (comma); 10-Skating (comma) swimming (comma).

Words to the Wise: 1-b; 2-b; 3-a; 4-b; 5-b.

Answers to Crossword Puzzle (p. 22)

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G	A	V	E	L		S	A	
S	S	E		E	D	E	N	
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(pp. 19-22)
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